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THE
SATIRES
OF
JUVENAL
IMITATED.

STATE

STATES

UNIVERSAL

UNITED

THE
SATIRES
OF
JUVENAL

PARAPHRASTICALLY IMITATED,
And adapted to the TIMES.

WITH
A PREFACE.

Dupe to no Party's Rage, the gen'rous Muse
Guilt in all Ranks dares honestly accuse ;
Nor Slave to Sect, nor fearful of Control,
She speaks the genuine Dictates of her Soul.

L O N D O N :
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MDCCLXIII.



P R E F A C E.

I PROPOSE not to enquire what species of satire would be most conducive to reform the manners of mankind, being inclined to think that satire has rarely done any essential good. If we take the Horatian way; the attempt to laugh people out of their vices will be found, I am apprehensive, not a little deficient to answer the end proposed; the only end to which it can be subservient being to exercise a wanton indiscriminate spirit of ridicule, tending rather, as indeed generally design'd, to shew the wit of the satirist, than the means of the delinquent's reformation.

To prove more fully the inefficacy of this vehicle of reproof, it may be considered, that vice being a violent disease requires a more violent remedy ; the sons of corruption must have their wounds very deeply probed, or they break out in a short time with redoubled fury ; and as for those of folly, they are earliest themselves at the laugh, or at best sit with all possible calmness and composure to see their own deformed pictures represented.

With respect to the latter, I wish we could gather from experience that the world was as readily laughed out of their follies as out of their goodness : I wish we had reason to be assured, that before any failure is drawn by ridicule from the breast, it is not necessary it should be entirely out of fashion.

Virtue being too much of this cast is soon borne down, while folly, encircled with numerous

merous advocates, is affected by shame in the same manner as Xerxes is represented to have been by the field of battle,—the last in it, and the first out of it.

A rigid honest satire has no quarter ; it is either thrown aside as a downright scurrility, or only regarded from the exclusive merits of the diction. Add to this, that scarce a character ventures to approve, the truths being so severely drawn, that delinquents (and how few are otherwise !) cannot bear to see their own features so roughly, and yet so faithfully pourtrayed.

Thus the spirit of acrimony too much affrights ; that of ridicule too much diverts ; and the sentiments not being polished into softness, the satirist is scandalized as an officious, over-bearing censor, who presumes to arraign the manners of others, before he has sufficiently examined whether his own are less reproachable.

Far be it from me, however, to attempt the unreasonable vindication of a satiric dauber, who paints every feature, which his own affectation makes ungracious, beyond the life itself. Let such be loaded with that abuse which they impudently lavish on others, because their deserts are superior to their own. Yes, let the Censors, (like one of their brethren, who now prudently boasts his Northern extraction) be branded with perpetual infamy, while their malicious rancor turns satire into scandal, and truth into dishonest fiction, where truth only claims regard: doubly to be stigmatized, when they impiously vilify the very country to which they are a disgrace, by exaggerating, like a fashionable reflectory, her most attractive charms to a horrid and grotesque enormity.

Satiric mimicry, when exhibited in comedy, may sometimes be an exception to the foregoing assertion, having this superior advantage

advantage to the promotion of its success; the merits of the piece enforced by the qualities of the actor: In satire merely narrative, the delineation of particular characters must be circumstantially picturesque, or the description will necessarily strike with fainter warmth, being resigned to the deliberate judgment of the reader, which in general may not be presumed sufficient to keep pace with the spirit of the performance; the comedian in the mean while suspends the powers of reflection by his magic efficacy, and drawing into existence every feature, strikes you at once with the picture of the man he would represent.

Thus every spark of humor and of acrimony leads a ready audience to the living character intended, and so personally is the satire applied, that no one is affronted by taking it for his own, except it be the real man, who gains not much by his know-
2
ledge,

ledge, having the powerful laugh of the world against him.

I shall not, after this premise, enter upon the worn-out comparison between the merits of Juvenal and Horace, as satiric writers (Persius, I think, is scarcely intitled to a place with them); I will consider them only in one light, and leave the reader to judge of the propriety of my opinion.

It may be observed, that every translator thinks himself bound to say something in commendation of the author he attempts; but this rather, in truth, proceeds from a desire of commending himself; as in extolling the original he assumes a title to the same praises on his own (very often deficient) copy. Were he satisfied, however, with this, the reader of a more forgiving temper might be inclined to excuse it,

it, as a vanity natural to an author. But the very next step he usually takes is to make invidious and self-sufficient comparisons between his author's manner, and that of others. As a far more distant copier I may be allowed to be a more distant commander ; and have only to say, that in one respect I must esteem the conduct of Juvenal preferable to that of Horace.

Horace by his familiarity sometimes renders his poetry so extremely flat ; it moves so very harsh and ungrateful to the ear, that we must confess it to be a degree worse than the stile "*Sermoni propior.*" His sentiments simply dressed in prose would attract more than in that hobling verse which he adopts. Were it not for that singular delicacy, those polished strokes, with which his satire abounds, he might long ago have been laid aside, though now, in spite of his halting, admired by all.

Juvenal,

Juvenal, in the mean while, “ Ense
 “ velut stricto,” as he himself says of Lucilius, rushes against vice ; he rarely flags from that fire and spirit which is as delightfully striking to an English ear as it was fitted for a Roman’s in those very degenerate times in which he wrote.

One fault indeed he, with the very best Roman authors, most wildly runs into. This is a shameless and indifferent way of conveying immodest ideas. The natural passion ought always to be carefully rather hinted than expressed, that the innocent may not be allured, nor the guilty diverted from the moral proposed. This blemish of indelicacy Juvenius, in his edition of Juvenal, has been assiduous to remove ; from him therefore my imitations are framed : that the omission of such representations may shew the author in that high light which his other sentiments demand.

A second

A second fault which he extravagantly pursues, is an exaggerated railing at women ; it is a disagreeable, though a true remark, that many the most engaging writers affect to form an indifferent opinion of the ladies ; an error which from their example has corrupted those of less solid capacities, who glory in a dull censure of the fair, without being in reality any judges of their merit.

The sixth satire is one repeated invective against crimes which human nature, it may be presumed, never was guilty of ; but resentment, whether well or ill grounded, often calls upon the assistance of fancy. So severe did it appear even to Dryden, no great patron of the sex in general, that he esteemed himself under a necessity to apologize for translating it : An apology which must do him more honor with the civilized part of his readers, than he could
have

have desired from the most faithful translation.

But the same reason which influenced Dryden to undertake his translation, constrains me as particularly to imitate it. The reader, however, will not be surprized to find that I have varied many passages, that I have softened exaggerations, and not railed at guilt, which in my imitation could be but a creature of fancy; and that I have only dwelt sometimes, and that with reluctance, on the follies which I have always thought to be but specks on the snowy minds of the fair.

As to my plan in general, I cannot say but that I met with many difficulties in the execution of it: To suit my characters to those of Juvenal was not always easy; to suit them in every article was impossible. That of Crispinus in the fourth satire is
censured

censured in such outrageous colors, and with such a studied aggravation, that an example of blackness minutely coinciding in the imitation, would have betrayed more of private resentment than of truth. Lateranus's in the eighth is made up of such a variety of circumstances, that I found myself under a necessity to produce it into two, and those not very close copies in several passages. In the other parts of the work I have endeavored to keep at as convenient a distance as the nature of a LIBERAL IMITATION would admit; never creeping step by step in a servil translation, nor altogether wantoning into the luxuriancy of an original.

If I have been any where reduced to the necessity of the latter, it will be chiefly observable in those satires where I have varied the original subject. The imitation of the fourth, though generally adapted to my author in the characters themselves, is intrinsically

trinsically different as to the main design. Whoever likewise examines into the general run of the ninth, will soon perceive that the original is not, in many places, closely copied. The candid reader may however excuse my having thereby softened the harshness of vice, and made it, as more generally now-a-days experienced, the meer offspring of thoughtless folly.

As I am conscious, on the whole, that I have not censured without foundation, I have not testified so scrupulous an humanity, as to hesitate censure where I had one; and though I may be more forward to commend virtue, I profess myself untinctured with that fastidious delicacy which thinks that vice ought to be excused.

Severe representations of high characters may possibly give offence to some, some whose more nice nature, like that of the sensitive plant, shrinks at every touch of satire.

If

If I am freed, however, from the imputation of injustice, I shall not only be able to vindicate myself, but could, were my abilities of a superior extent, prove such censure to be requisite. The man of an exalted situation, if good, has a fuller title to the respect of mankind, by being placed in a condition where his example may be more instrumental to infuse goodness into others: But where he is bad, he calls forth a double portion of condemnation, as his depraved example may prove an epidemical distemper; may poison every virtue, and sow the rankest seeds of vice and wickedness over the whole creation of mankind.

But if any thing might require a particular excuse, the drawing out SOME characters into light appears more immediately to demand it: Characters, whose PRIVATE situation may be esteemed a kind of veil for their faults from the public eye, which

it is scarcely honest to take off; but surely this veil may as consistently be removed for the display of errors, as it would from good nature be allowed to be for the display of virtues. I know indeed that most readers judge of the importance of the satire from the dignity of the subject; and would esteem the triumph of the pen over INFERIOR delinquents in the same light as they would that of Domitian over the FLIES: dull entertainment for minds whose only ambition it is to level every one to their own insignificancy!

That this is not entirely my sentiment I am proud to acknowledge; and have humility enough to think, that my muse soars not with that eagle flight that she need be ashamed of stooping for her prey. Add to this, that from the conduct of private characters a greater insight is in general had into the GENUINE disposition, which in those of a public situation is so clouded over

over by artificial circumstances, that you seldom can know—the man.

From this consideration, the rude distichs on the humble tomb-stone of a villager afford more satisfactory entertainment to the mind of the moralist, than the farce and parade of costly monuments in Westminster Abbey, erected too often by vanity to gild the worst or meanest characters. Though a ramble in the latter regions may be equally fitted for the meditation of the satirist, who may justly efface the superficial inscriptions glaring on many of them, and fix this HONEST epitaph :

Within these hallow'd realms th' ennobled dead,
Enshrin'd in marble, rear their awful head ;
Heroes, who perish'd in the glorious strife ;
Students, who calmly walk'd the vale of life ;
Patriots, whose torrent bad corruption fear ;
And bards, whose strains the virtuous deed revere :
To such these lasting monuments are giv'n ;
What THIS rewards, 'tis only known to Heav'n.

As to my author himself, though I think he carries throughout his performance an animated glow of thought, a rich masculine expression, I shall not undertake to assert that his severe arraignment of the vices of the age argues his own real probity of heart; a judgment which seems rather questionable from historical evidence; though Juvencius celebrates him in these words, “Fuisse probum ex eo appareat, quo improbos ubique insectatur ardore atque impetu.” If we look out into life we shall find the truth of this absolutely different; we shall find that the ablest lawyers, the most flourishing statesmen, the most distinguished speakers, too often conform their actions very little to their words; and had Quintilian lived to this later season, he would by no means have had reason to assert, as he has done, that an able speaker must be an honest man.

As

As far as Juvenal's method has admitted of it, I have endeavored to copy the manner of the admirable Young in his love of fame. In Young we may observe the elegant and delicate raillery of Horace, improved by a happy versification, and at the same time the fire and vehemence of Juvenal. In Pope, with all his superior sweetness of numbers, with all his beauty of sentiments (which I would venture, even in this age so invidious of his memory, to assert, are frequently original) I am concerned to think, that the latter too much predominates. In Swift we are repeatedly struck with a coarse wantonness of ill-natured satire, a peevish moroseness at the creation of human-kind; which, though painted in such colors that we cannot forbear laughter, the joke, I am afraid, upon recollection turns strongly against himself. He seems, when such his mood, to be out of temper with man, as if he grudged to have been formed of the species; or, as
the

the sagacious writer above-mentioned says in his observations on Gulliver's Travels, (that prostitution of wit to burlesque humanity) " He has so satirized human nature as to give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to be satirized *."

Such a track my inclination leads me not implicitly to follow ; though I highly esteem his spirit, when exercised to degrade corruption, I am not so frantic a misanthrope as to take a pleasure, because of the follies and vices, in throwing a slur upon the virtues of the world.

" Curse on the strain, how well foe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

POPE.

I shall conclude the Preface without offering the SLIGHTEST apology to the judgment of those who, I am aware, will es-

* Conjectures on Original Composition.

teem

teem this an unpromising undertaking, after that translation of my author's satires to which the name of Dryden is prefixed. I readily acknowledge, that those executed by that great master of numbers possess a singular degree of merit; but it may reasonably be questioned, whether his assistants have so happily succeeded. A cursory comparison of his translations with those of his brethren (who seem placed in the edition as foils to him) will justify the apprehension; unless we except that elegant version of the thirteenth satire by Mr. Creech, which shines (so admirably can a poet sometimes rise above himself) equal, if not superior, to the best.

Let THESE, however, thus taught to be extravagant admirers of our predecessors, reflect, that there is a material difference between a TRANSLATION and an IMITATION; so material that they admit not of comparison; and then let them assume
their

their natural right of judging for themselves, and not sleep contentedly over a crude notion established by other capacities, equally insufficient with their own.

Upon the whole, my endeavors are here exerted to present the public with a just comparison between the MANNERS of my author's, and those of our own times; and if my readers are in general so indulgent as to smile upon a strain that means but to be HONEST, I shall esteem my labors amply rewarded, happy in being capable of administering to their entertainment by an imitation of the SPIRITED JUVENAL.

THE

THE
SATIRES
OF
JUVENAL
IMITATED.

B

THE
S. A. T. R. E. S.

JUVENILE

EMITTED

THE
FIRST SATIRE
IMITATED.

AUTHORS, be gone; enthusiast tribe, away;
Close the trite page, nor trill the flimsy lay:
Shall self-puff'd Brown eternal triumphs hope,
Jingling satiric elegies on Pope?

With epithetic strut shall sacred rage
Ape the full majesty of Dryden's page?
In mimic plumes descriptive weakness trick,
And make, by curing Saul, the reader sick?
Shall Honor grace the thoughts, and not the man? *
Hence, let all such go rust with Athelstan.
See, the gay Censor's self-reforming rage
Sullies the splendors of his former page

* See Dodley's Collection of Poems, vol. iii.

(Whose gentle whet a † banquet huge proclaims,
 With all the ‡ lawn-sleev'd gossip's sleepy flames)
 Where thinly-scatter'd letters scarcely hide,
 Or, patch-like, fairer shew the paper's snowy pride

In strains congenial venal Pamphleteers
 Show'r forth their witlefs scandal to the ears ;
 Still springing fiercer from the flames of war,
 These insects blast the soldier, and the tar ;
 To censure blown by fashion's giddy breath
 They teize the hero, and the world to death.
 The monthly upstarts still from merit tear
 The bays, themselves can never hope to wear ;
 Forc'd to unwilling smiles their ranc'rous breast
 Soils worth superior with a pointless jest :
 I fee not for applause ; let dullness raise
 The kindred hirelings with the roar of praise.

Inspir'd by such I strike with censuring plan
 The erring author, and the guilty man ;
 Tho' the hand falters with the fears of youth,
 I rush indignant in the cause of truth ;
 Start, conscious guilt ! and blush, presumptuous pride !
 No shade shall veil you, and no corner hide.

† See the advertising puff prefixed.

‡ Burnet. See Swift, vol. viii. art. 4. small edit.

Come then, O Satire, roam th' extended town
 With smile farcastic, and the low'ring frown;
 But still the patron of the virtuous train
 Bid honest justice check th' impetuous rein.

Degen'rate times! what torment to behold
 Unnumber'd votaries to the shrine of gold!
 What dregs of earth! what refuse of the land!
 Who scarce of old one vassal could command,
 Who cross'd to Britain's shore the boist'rous seas,
 World-wand'ring Jews, and fawning Refugees,
 Now stalking high in fortune's prosp'rous hour
 Load wealth on wealth, and wriggle into pow'r.
 See fondly melting at the summer's heat,
 Sighing they sink into the shade's retreat!
 True men of taste the shrubb'ry's walks prepare,
 Then curse the clime, that made them what they are.
 See from their chariots to the crowd below,
 To nobles selves th' exalted miscreants bow;
 Ev'n yields my Lady's heart to wealth the strife,
 And pays due rev'rence to the Tradesman's wife.

Yon foul, my muse, to conscious light display,
 Flush'd with the treasures of a nation's pay;
 Yet ev'n the state, insatiate of the store,
 Which from the dunghill rais'd him, cheats for more.
 Dishonest wretch! let satire make thee pine,
 Nor leave thee punish'd with a trifling Fine;

Leave thee no more, vain Dotard, in thy age
The Park to wander, or at cards to rage.

Let other's praises Shandy's page proclaim,
Which thro' wit's labyrinth rambles into fame ;
Let flutt'ring youth, on Novel's restless wing,
To grasps of visionary transports spring :
Satire, I all am thine ; no softer lure
My strains shall lull, no myst'ry shall obscure.

View the rich Trifler of Newmarket's plain,
Who shines chief jockey mid the juggling train,
Now martial burn in glory's scenes reveal'd,
And seek the triumphs of a diff'rent field ;
A well-dress'd foldier strut before his band,
And for a season quit the turf's command.

Hark ! at each footstep reason's voice I find,
" Go, take the pen, and satirize thy kind ;"
Draw forth the delicate, fantastic man,
Coop'd up, and powder'd in the close sedan ;
Strip the gay plumage to the noon-tide air,
And blast this lisping mimic of the fair ;
This minion, who immers'd in folly's toys
The wealth of violated trusts enjoys.
Draw forth the bride, to sooth the sick man's soul
Whose impious hands prepar'd the pois'nous bowl ;

Then

Then bore despondent sorrow's sable vest
To sooth the slanders of the world to rest.

Dare nobly, man, nor fortune's smile shall fail,
Crimes worthy well the gibbet, and the jail;
Presumptuous vice repeated glories raise,
While needy virtue meets but empty praise.
The mansion's pride, th' attendants and the plate,
The smoaking board, the vanities of state,
Shine forth for vice; for vice, tho' fir'd by zeal,
Which modest virtue blushes to reveal:
Glow, glow, my muse, th' enflaming theme to fit,
That Lockman's self would kindle into wit.

Ere since the ark, high-tow'ring o'er the wave,
Defy'd the guilty world's surrounding grave,
And new-born earth recruited strength improv'd,
Which heav'n re-peopled by the man it lov'd,
The fond desires, the giddy cares of life,
The busy transports, and the wayward strife,
The rambling passions human souls display,
All, all, I snatch them to the face of day.

Vice proudly stalks triumphant o'er the field,
And bids at once dejected virtue yield;
She decks with two-fold charms the sounding die,
By her fell avarice lures the dazzled eye;

By her vain fashion, wrapp'd in gay delight,
Spends with a wretch a fortune in a night;
False honor's losses load the future day;
For honor's debts no peers refuse to pay.

See, to a villain's use the treasures roll,
Meant for a blessing to their owners' soul;
To patience forc'd each insolence they view,
No gold reserv'd supplies the vassal's due.
Now slowly opes the late-refounding gate,
Few mourn dejected grandeur's shatter'd state;
If e'er the footstep of some pitying friend,
Some sorrowing heart, the well-known dome attend,
Each shudd'ring look the horrid bailiff shews,
A dun he hears in ev'ry gale that blows;
And just his care; for with a knelling roar
These ghastly fons of evil crowd the door;
A stern, curs'd train, the conquerors of play,
Croak round like ravens, till they're gorg'd with pay.

Meanwhile the wealthy Cit with haughty air
Pours the rude censure on afflictive care;
" See there the fool, th' unwieldy upstart cries;
" There, press'd with want, the man of fashion lies;
" 'Twas thine in toys, in trifles to efface
" The wealth and splendor of thy boasted race;
" Life's murder'd hours with gilded knaves to lead,
" Till folly funk thee to the vale of need.

" Be

“ Be Mine by prudence to enhance my fame,
 “ And rear o’er sons of gold my deathless name;
 “ From trade, ye great, my treasur’d joys I bring,
 “ Nor grudge, tho’ riches from a counter spring.”

Thus, wealth, thus still thy head o’er title rear,
 Flush’d from the witchcraft of a South-Sea year;
 Thou, genial wealth, whose charms resistless glow,
 The first divinity of man below:
 No priests, ’tis true, thy imag’d idol greet
 With meek devotion prostrate at thy feet;
 In vows no Christians at thine altar bend,
 Nor call thee, gold, their father and their friend;
 Yet ask the heart, thy boundless fway to prove,
 What heart but views thee with a look of love!

Survey the fair, when winter’s frowns begin,
 And mark their follies, for they know no sin;
 Each ev’ning’s visits an unnumber’d heap,
 They prize th’ acquaintance from the slaves they keep;
 The slaves, who gayly dancing round the board
 To tradesmen vend the custom of their lord.
 Coop’d in the silken confines of a chair,
 Now issues to her Friends the thoughtless fair;
 While my lord’s jumbled in his coach alone
 (The pair by fashion separately shewn)
 Or, if abhorrent of the tiresome rout,
 Bids Madam leave his ticket, where they’re out.

For

For ever idle, and yet ne'er at rest,
Thus roams in giddy toils the female breast;
Her only care, the hurrying flutter pass'd,
She must, must wander to her Spouse at last.

What frolic whims the varying great control!
What rambling fancies captivate his soul!
While morning sleep still lingers on his eyes,
Some-where to hide him from himself he flies;
Saunters to shops, the coffee-house, and law,
Next modish artists his attention draw,
Where taste may many an aukward piece proclaim,
Whose daubing frowns disgraceful of the frame.
Then roams the sick'ning rambler to the Park,
And meets some idle, thoughtless brother-spark;
Shakespear's the word; he hurries on before,
And fixes dinner—something after four.
Fantastic slaves! can pleasures flow sincere,
Where Want of happiness is bought so dear?

Behold the busy peer, whose restless eye
Exhausts for prey the regions of the sky;
Toils o'er the main, o'er earth's remotest seat,
To deck the pride of an election-treat;
Whose costly board such sumptuous treasure fills,
'Twould cost a fortune—did he pay the bills.
How will your pity rise inflam'd to hate,
When such the bulwark of a sinking state!

See,

[II]

See, what despondence damps his forrowing breast,
While stripp'd of dear-lov'd grandeur's splendid vest!
Still sadly pensive wears the lonely hour,
Till conscious transport speaks returning pow'r;
Ev'n then the statesman evil's frown attends,
Spurn'd by his foes, lamented by his friends.

Hail, heart-steel'd heroes of these worthless days,
Whose life one complicated guilt displays!
Whose shameless deeds abash'd the filial train
Will pant and toil to emulate in vain;
With fighting bosom quit th' unequal chace,
And curse the footsteps, which they cannot trace!
For you bold satire spreads her daring wings,
On the full breeze with rapid ardor springs:
O for the genius of those halcyon times,
When honest freedom could proclaim the crimes,
Stem'd the wild torrent of a guilty town,
Nor fear'd the vengeance of a statesman's frown!

Hint but in satire's strain th' exalted Peer,
Alas! the pillory and the jail appear!
Bless'd if Sh—b—r's thy mitigated fate,
Tho' truth direct the venom of thy hate;
That hate of former schemes, whose rage demands
The fatt'ning pension from the Northern's hands.
Heed then the ribband's pride, the splendid star;
Pay awful rev'rence to the gilded car;

Nor dare display him, tho' his crimes are set
More strong to stamp him than his coronet.

Let Epic Glover tune the lofty strain
To heroes worthy of an English reign,
Who glow with free-born dignity, nor speak
Like * Wilkie's, ev'ry sentence from the Greek :
Let the mild Bard still court th' elegiac page,
Too peaceful for the ode's enthusiast rage :
When Pope, forth issuing with resistless force,
'Gainst hell-born falsehood bends his eager course,
How shrink, with guilt appall'd, the slaves of sin,
And tremble, conscious of the crime within !
Swift-rushing tears the deep-felt pangs proclaim,
Which curse the satire, that they dare not blame.
And yet these dastard souls, whose boasted might
Retires unequal to the desp'rate fight,
The vengeful streams on slumb'ring genius shed,
And whom they living fear'd, arraign when dead.

* The Epigoniad.

T H E

THE
SECOND SATIRE
IMITATED.

LONDON, farewell; far from thy bounds I roam
To some Utopia's hospitable home;
Far hence, where man, the creature of deceit,
In looks an Allen, is in heart a cheat.

Here learning's votaries, with repeated toil
Who waste the thoughtful hour, and midnight oil,
Deck'd with all Athens' stores, are scarcely known,
Unless some upstart name the papers crown;
While false pretenders, whose resplendent case
Perhaps a Shakespear, or a Milton grace,
Beam with the fire of each poetic thought,
Their Inkhorn's self with erudition fraught.

Lo!

Lo! silently demure they stalk along,
The vacant mimics of the wiser throng;
More honest far the lean, distemper'd peer,
Stamp'd on whose frame the flagrant faults appear;
Whose falt'ring step, and shrivel'd face display
The full debauch'ries of his younger day.

Hence, Cromwells, hence, who sounds of peace impart,
The dagger lifted at your country's heart;
Who 'gainst adult'ry wage a gen'rous strife,
Warm from th' embraces of their neighbour's wife:
The slaves of state, who damn the venal tribe,
With hand still open for the welcome bribe;
I hate them all; who rage of zeal employ,
Betray the Jesuit, lurking to destroy.
Yes, when I view the stern severe grimace,
I know hypocrisy's delusive face;
Pitt's thoughts the virtuous talker should control,
And bellowing generals prove a Marlborough's foul.

Proud of the sacred pulpit's lov'd renown
The cloister'd stripling hurries to the gown;
"Why slumbers worth," he cries, with shame o'erspread,
"While vice licentious rears her daring head?"
Auspicious days! a greater Whitfield rise,
And point the dæmons frowning to our eyes. *

* See Mr. Hogarth's print alluded to SAT. VI.

Alas! the zealot scan; you'll find the scarf,
The gloves, and kerchief are the better half;
While he, from sallies of fermenting blood,
Roars a fit member of the Robin-Hood.

Yet, stripling, cease; for vain thy watchful care;
Go, leave the burden to some shallow mayor;
His be the task of vagrants, whose pretence
From pomp of pray'r to sin without offence;
Such from opposing doctrine firmer stand,
And blast with indolence devotion's land.
Thy spotless soul, if virtuous actions grace,
Go, spurn corrupted conduct to the face;
Spurn ev'n the man, whom menial sins delight,
Expert in law, yet stranger to the right;
Full on the fair whose eyes for ever rove,
A new Alcides in the cause of love;
He holds the distaff with the softest grace,
And spins more subt'ly than Arachne's race:
Such livelier fancies Claudius' soul transport;
He flies for bliss the dullness of a court.
Alas! with partial venom censure flows,
We doves are stain'd, tho' faultless strut the crows;
Else unprov'd had Claudius' vagrant heart
Sunk to the baseness of debauch'ry's art,
Sunk manhood's glory in the mire of sin,
The judge without, the prostitute within.

Say,

Say, lovely nymph, whose parents' stricter plan
 Will scarce admit thee ev'n a look at man,
 Why those fantastic whims, those airy arts,
 With folly's baits to catch at human hearts?
 'Tis fashion, ruling fashion, draws thee in;
 That fiend, so often made a plea for sin.
 To this alike the prince and peasant yield;
 Maids at the toilette, heroes in the field:
 She rules the lawyer's and physician's toil,
 And fattens Scotland on an English soil;
 Thence many a scheming, plodding tool of late
 Glides into court, and balances the state.

Yet love of fashion fits the female breast;
 Not so the zeal to blast another's rest,
 Which to coarse censure fires the priestly heart,
 The meagre slave of delicacy's art;
 Shaking with ev'ry gale, whose fondling care
 Condemns the infant to the healthy air:
 Shall such enhance with aggravated hate,
 The fancy'd mis'ries of a gen'rous state,
 And urge the crew of scriblers to withstand,
 Like him, the strong contagion of the land?
 Like him, true sons of licence to advance,
 And waft each virtue of the soil to France?
 Ill-fated wretch! whom manly dictates warn,
 To sink to soft effeminacy's charm!

To sink bemir'd in self-conviction's way,
 And blast with estimating spite * th' Essay :
 There, there alone, thy triumphs feast the sight,
 Where the pen vibrates in the cause of right.

Mark but fantastic pleasure's frolic train,
 What giddy vot'ries croud her splendid reign !
 See, to the flow'ry throne their steps advance,
 Inspir'd to love, to music, and the dance :
 At pleasure's fane assemble EV'N the fair ;
 The mode how diff'rent for the house of pray'r !
 Here Florio shines, in silken charms array'd,
 And boasts those conquests which he never made.
 Such beauty fills his mien, such fire his eyes,
 Each maid for Florio pines, for Florio dies.
 With rougher voice, less polish'd Ebrius roars,
 Flush'd from the rude embrace, and Bacchus' stores ;
 Bellows the conquests of the verdant course,
 And loves far less his mistress than his horse ;
 At friends he swears when adverse runs oppress,
 And damns himself, 'cause fortune grudg'd success.

The sob'rer Statesman, who with ruling hand
 Controls the house, and clamors thro' the land,
 The ruder passions damp'd by cooler years,
 From court the lord's resplendent title bears ;

* Essay on Characteristics.

Flush'd with whose sweets the thunders roll no more,
 And mildness charms the friend, the foe before.
 Was it for this, in richest glory great,
 Thou pour'dst the torrent on the Slave of state?
 Was it for this, at opposition's call,
 Thy fury drove corruption to the wall?
 To disappointed man the truth to own,
 That Cotta's patriot for himself alone.

Survey the glow of grandeur's costly board:
 What shameless converse courts the prattling Lord!
 While healthless claret fires his modish vein,
 He slips indecency's ill-manner'd strain;
 Or the full glass the brutal roarings crown,
 That toasts the reigning mistress of the town;
 While stanzas coarse fly issuing from his tongue,
 Which his self-flatt'ring frenzy terms a song.
 Indulgent Heav'n! some rigid Cato send,
 Some virtuous censor, virtue to defend;
 Strike upstart error from our guilty plan,
 And make each vice a prodigy in man.

Let Railers baul, that England's sons of old
 Display'd the hero, gen'rous, rough, and bold:
 That now in tinsel joys they waste their bloom,
 Soft in attire, and scented with perfume;
 Low sunk the slumb'ring soul, life's worthless care,
 The news, the park, the tavern, and the play'r:

I call

I call ye not, ye shades, immortal host,
 Once the brave champions of my native coast,
 To view with conscious grief the scene of woe,
 The hero fall'n a fribble and a beau.

No—the great bosom's kindling flame displays
 The FULL-BLOWN glories of our ancient days ;
 Undaunted Granby quits his native shore,
 Proud of th' embattled field, and cannon's roar ;
 See gen'rous Clive, undazzled by a throne,
 To scepter'd boldness haste the parting groan :
 O'er Land, o'er Ocean, swells th' expanded fire,
 Where Pocock's laurel'd deeds to fame inspire ;
 Where Hawke, untainted by corruption, springs,
 Whose merit, crush'd by Statesmen, shone to kings :
 Blush, blush, ye dastards, to behold the toil,
 Ye backward souls, ye S——s of our isle.

No Christian Priest with false religion's show'rs
 Celestial Oil o'er meek repentance pours ;
 Nor rigid fiend th' unmeaning whip prepares,
 When imag'd Mary spurns his eager pray'rs ;
 Yet reason's voice exclaims, 'mid worldly strife,
 The soul glows conscious of another life.
 Had humble Bradford else, for virtue's sake,
 Felt the dire horrors of the wheel and stake ?
 Had Cranmer, dauntless at impending death,
 Flam'd the mean hand, which sought protracted breath ?

They, rob'd in bliss, exalted in the sky,
Survey degen'rate man with pitying eye ;
And with, discomber'd from his earthly clay,
His soul unspotted shone as pure as they.

Hail, England, hail ! I hear with joy resound
Thy martial deeds o'er earth's extended round :
O'er Gallia's coasts thy dread alarms have show'r'd,
And ev'n on India's realms their terrors pour'd.
Yet, yet, beware ; let Sin's alluring art
No longer fix it's empire o'er thy heart ;
Heav'n's injur'd arm at length may strike the blow,
And those, who spurn'd the friend, lament the foe.

THE
THIRD SATIRE
IMITATED.

WHILE conscious sorrow, still a foe to art,
With cloister'd ——'s absence fills my heart;
Fair friendship's strains must hail the destin'd
spot,

Where, since his fall, Newcastle is forgot.
Methinks once more Cam's muddy banks I rove,
Or smile amid the gloom of Margaret's grove;
For there, secure from London's curs'd alarm,
Rook'ries must cheer me, solitude must charm:
There, plung'd in books, no Party-flames you dread,
Nor mourn, tho' Benet totter round your head;
Tho' high o'er genius pedant labors rise,
And Scott still walks the course for Seaton's prize.

To learning's ancient realm I speed my way,
 But fix on London's verge a transient stay;
 Hard by the fane, where Whitfield's holy guests
 Throw in their pence, and ply their am'rous feasts;
 Tho' soon their chief may mourn the beggar'd spot,
 So woos our strong idolatry the Scot:
 The Scot, whom fondly church, and S—e behold,
 And crown with worth, with genius, and with Gold.

Fir'd at the slaves of fraud I eye the coast,
 Where stalks forth violated reason's ghost;
 Where to deluded souls the priestly Fool
 Roars floods of folly with RAPACIOUS rule;
 Whose full trimm'd phrase ne'er deviates into Sense,
 And truth is lost in matchless impudence.

When thus, indignant of the shameless town,
 I pause, and spurn it with contemptuous frown;
 Since then diffus'd o'er guilt's detested soul
 Wealth, grandeur, streaming in full triumph roll;
 Since honest toil insures a poor regard,
 And baffled virtue droops without reward;
 Since wasteful hours my little all consume;
 Ere want's disgraceful horrors stamp my doom,
 While pants my bosom with the love of truth,
 And fav'ring conscience consecrates my youth,
 Careless of grandeur, to the world unknown,
 My will supported by myself alone,

I quit

I quit the stage, nor quit it with chagrin,
 When herds of letter'd hirelings croud the scene:
 Creatures whose souls corrupted passions move,
 Who damn the treasure, that at heart they love;
 Who cringe to ministers, but curse the great,
 And, spurning minions, are the tools of state;
 By party-dup'd deny with faithless Pride
 Their friend, as Peter once his Lord deny'd;
 Rank Tories, who with smiles a court behold,
 And sell their country for their country's gold.

Such, such, of old the tongues of foul abuse,
 To patrons, proudly they disown'd, of use;
 Whose strains, when passion swell'd the kindred ire,
 With factious venom fann'd the streaming fire,
 Such, flush'd with triumph, and sworn idols grown,
 Low'r stern defiance on the nation's frown:
 So rudely jesting Chance the die has cast,
 "The last we find the first, the first the last."

But say, can London's scenes my fondness meet?
 Falshood with friendly smile I cannot greet;
 I cannot view Fingal with ravish'd eye,
 That English, Galic, High-Dutch rhapsody;
 I cannot doom the fire to please the heir,
 ——Your task, ye sons of second-sighted care;
 To gull the Virgin I no gifts impart,
 Nor drawl out love, with mischief in my heart;

No fraud, like knighted Justice, can I smother,
 Or set one desp'rate Rogue to catch another ;
 Vice, whatsoe'er her shape, I dare detest,
 But chiefly spurn her in a princely breast :
 Thus live I now, and thus I seek my end,
 No puff my virtue, and no wretch my friend.

But what is friendship? is the blessing dear?
 Our Friends by sin are made, confirm'd by fear ;
 The guilty secret fondly I impart,
 The secret for a vent which rends HIS heart ;
 Thence, fix'd by prudence, cannot force its way,
 Because in turn this friend I can betray.

What crouded crimes impartial eyes behold !
 Crimes to fair innocence, transform'd by gold ;
 But thou, should England's lavish treasures roll
 Lavish as those, which fed the German soul,
 Or those whose splendors far more lavish feed
 The ten-toe couriers from the banks of Tweed ;
 Guilt's tools disdain, and hug thy happier state,
 No darling eye-fore of the jealous great.

Point, unrelenting satire, point the herd,
 Slaves of the great, and by the great preferr'd ;
 Yes, tear them forth ; unmov'd I cannot see
 Poor England sink a Scottish colony :

Ill-fated

Ill-fated England ! foe to wisdom's call !
 The sport of nations, with the dregs of all !
 Dupe to the bugbears of the Spaniard's pride !
 By waste and luxury to France ally'd !
 Instructed by our foes to curse the war,
 We dance, lisp French, and jingle the guittar.

How mourn the laurels, blasted in their bloom !
 How vanquish'd kingdoms smile o'er England's doom !
 Whose head degraded droops with modish hate ;
 —This comes of raising Scotsmen to the f——e.

Creatures, ne'er seen before, St. J——s's greet,
 Proscribing ev'ry Englishman they meet ;
 Names far too great for barb'rous English verse,
 And only fit to strut in genuine Erse.
 Form'd for deceit, the settled front survey,
 Genius, thro' ev'ry toil that stems her way :
 Hark ! from their throats what whining periods croak !
 Periods, which ne'er like England's, end in smoke.

Yet not unjustly Scotland lures our hearts ;
 She brings a world of sciences and arts.
 Can books unread, and men unknown, abuse,
 And eke out novels, magazines, Reviews.
 With conjurers of all sorts feasts the sight :
 Her Priests in buskins trip, her Lairds can write ;

Histry

Hist'ry complete she sends in Smollet's name;
Epic on Epic swells Macpherfon's fame;
Maul-it with meek presumption dares to own
Bute barely second to the king alone.

THERE each mechanic soars on learning's wings,
And those, who work for bread, are sprung from kings;
Kings all themselves, they beg with haughty eye,
And curse the hand, that gives them charity.

Shall such in softest silks besiege the great,
These aukward Novices to lux'ry's state?
Such rise our lords in Deed, as well as Thought?
Such who more Plagues than One to England brought.

Is it for this we boast our fertile plains,
The soil where glory soars, and freedom reigns?
While dwindles to a Scot the dotting mind,
Curs'd with an Union Nature ne'er design'd.
Still shall we listen to their treach'rous call?
Still shall we hug the race which hates us all?
Shall, harden'd as their hearts, their members claim
The manly roughness of the British frame?
Hence with the strain of fulsome flattery;
Hence from your idols learn the art to lie.

Around, their triumphs swell; the partial stage
Puffs MODEST Merit to the tasteful age:

There

There flimsy Aquileia draws for praise ;
 There Agis all his Nothingness displays ;
 Bute's * peaceful puffer there Elvira shines,
 And breaks off in a huff her lazy lines ;
 Hail, Garrick, hail, whose pow'rs unbounded stream,
 Can conjure meaning from a vacant theme !

Mark the fond friends ; you cannot laugh or cry
 But these deluders bear you company ;
 Is there an oddity provokes your mirth ?
 They'll swear you are the wittiest soul on earth.
 Yet heed their treach'ry ; for at distance due
 They'll get some other friend, and laugh at you.
 No match for such, I ween, the English heart,
 Who borrow looks to shine in any part :
 Their happy muscles to their heart a screen,
 No Conjuror can tell you what they mean :
 Thus arm'd, your house they haunt, your secrets hear,
 Disguis'd to mar your peace, and make you fear.

Full-harden'd into pride by rugged rules,
 Toss'd to the world from stiff pedantic schools,
 The stores of learning op'd to THEM alone,
 They strut, and damn all knowledge, but their own ;
 Then swear from Scotland letters first began,
 And the first rays of science beam'd on man.

* See the dedication, which flows with all the Spirit of the tragedy.

Crown, wealth and grandeur, crown the sons of Art,
 Who bear no Stranger near a Patron's heart;
 Our treasures ravish'd by their special grace,
 We 're hurry'd out, and THEY usurp our place;
 With poison fraught the filken dictates roll,
 Play round the head, and steal into the soul;
 Blown by THEIR baleful breath the storm descends,
 And low'rs on All, that dare be England's Friends.

See what thick squadrons crowd to Galba's door,
 Squadrons of meanly great, and richly poor;
 Flutt'ring in busy idleness the while
 They ken the MON who wins the soft'ring smile;
 For ever basking in the blazing ray
 From a thick cloud just risen into day.
 THERE England's Relics grin with simp'ring grace;
 There frown the horrors of the Northern face;
 There the spruce Stripling studies Statesmen's tricks;
 There Prebends pant to loll in Bishoprics;
 There Warriors stand rich Regiments to seize;
 And Pleasure's sons grow fat with Agencies.

Mark the convincing proof of B——d's wit,
 That dares to brand the poverty of P——;
 Who fiercely rushing on the sons of pride,
 Adher'd to measures which he could not GUIDE.
 Tho' thousand minions on THEIR lux'ry wait,
 Tho' land on land proclaim THEIR vast estate;

Tho'

Tho' France for THEM her richest feasts employ,
 As here our courtiers welcome Nivernois;
 I cannot deem, among the sons of earth,
 That wealth and grandeur are the road to Worth.
 No, heav'n-born Justice, THY award will clear
 With smiles alike, the Poor-man, or the Peer;
 On this in vain the solemn Oath is pass'd,
 And Honor's Word comes useless from the last.

What tho' the PLAIDED RUG's coarse tatter'd vest
 Provoke in English souls th' eternal jest;
 Tho' the flat Bonnet's niggard round is spread,
 As jocularly meant to mock the head;
 Which points a wretch to Famine near ally'd,
 Spite of the pompous Sword, that loads his side:
 (So their fast friends the French immers'd in dirt
 The rich-work'd Ruffle boast, without the Shirt)
 Tho' ridicule condemn the fordid Elves,
 The stream, alas! is turn'd against Ourselves.

" Hence, England, hence, ill-suited to the Great;
 "'Tis Ours to riot in the chair of state;
 " To fatten on the land, where Plenty reigns,
 " The tools to ev'ry task, that B—— ordains;
 " Each Scottish Laird shall quit his MENTAL trade,
 " And shine supreme in splendid Robes display'd;
 " Each beggar here to close his cares shall speed
 " By England's goodness beckon'd from the Tweed.

" Your

" Your Daughters honor'd with a Scotfman's arms
 " Shall freely give their Treasures, and their charms;
 " No fordid Famine fhall difgrace our heirs;
 " Their heads fhall regulate the kingdom's cares;
 " In wealth and grandeur they fecure fhall reign,
 " Without a thought of vent'ring back again."

By virtue's aid the Scot difdains to rife;
 Deceit performs the task in wifdom's guife;
 Strong is HIS heart in fraud, as England's weak;
 OUR wealth they want, WE give them what they feek,
 Our honeft fouls on Scripture-plan proceed;
 We " clothe the naked, and the hungry feed;"
 Subftantial banquets glut thefe fons of Eafe,
 Their native Oatmeal can no longer pleafe;
 Crown'd with their fmiles the Plaid and Bonnet thrive,
 By England vainly quafh'd in—Forty-five.

SUCH strut, from felf-conceit the firft of earth,
 Tho' fhiv'ring bare-foot from their earlieft birth;
 Around whole coafts no verdure cheers the eye,
 Blefs'd with no flighteft Glimpfe of jollity;
 Unless when aping human founds they bawl
 " Some bo-nie A-pifode fra' fene Fingal;"
 While gazing on his Jaw's diftended charms
 Each Mother claps her Warbler in her arms.

No Changeling mode of dress displays the man,
 True honor dignifies each steady Clan;
 Base wealth's corrupting Glow is THERE unknown;
 And lux'ry centers in the Plaid alone.
 While England, paltry upstart of the earth,
 Leaps nature's bounds, and clothes—beyond her worth;
 Unless from int'rest we scarce own a brother,
 And, when in want, we pilfer from each other;
 Tho' rough, luxurious, drunken with our store,
 To ev'ry Fool that knocks we ope our door;
 Our supple hearts to EV'RY fashion suit,
 And our own PITT forfake to worship B——.

Curs'd with expences ev'n to Friends we roam,
 Each private mansion is corruption's dome:
 How would our fathers' honest anger glow
 To see the livery'd Minions in a row!
 While from my friend the long-known welcome fails,
 When once I DARE neglect his Servants' vails.

Who fear'd of old the country's mild retreat?
 No ruin hover'd o'er the peaceful seat;
 Those scenes a transient respite could dispense
 From waste of cares, from riot, and expence.
 In these strange times, when changes tofs the great,
 And scarce a thread supports the man of state;
 Tho' prudent B—e has bid the Battle cease,
 And England, murm'ring, eyes her scars in peace,

Taxes

Taxes on taxes heap'd the soul affright :
 What wonder Lux'ry still usurps the Light !
 The Light, so deeply tax'd, by Nature free :
 Plain proof that all things to our cost we see !
 Nay, burdens pil'd on burdens load the Day :
 Excise for food, for drink, for life we pay.
 Houses a cumbrance to their owners stand,
 Mortgag'd for PUBLIC debts, as well as land :
 While PRIVATE mortgage swells the wasteful fire,
 And rears the mountain of OUR OWN the higher.
 Thrice happy ye, whom Nature's self denies
 To furnish England's wants with GREAT supplies.

What if in Scotland's wilds we veil'd our head,
 Where tempests whistle round the sordid bed ;
 Where the Rug's two-fold use we might display,
 By night a blanket, and a plaid by day ;
 Where ever-lasting Sands fatigue the eye,
 B—e's high-daub'd form to feast our loyalty ;
 Books ere the deluge scrawl'd, our taste to call,
 Such as the learn'd Macpherson swears Fingal :
 Bless'd with these little Perquisites alone,
 We still shall call those Perquisites our own ;
 Free-Masons all, no want shall starve our Clan,
 Where each assists his Brother, ALL HE CAN ;
 Where careless we may sneer at England's curse,
 While her own treasures fill our scanty purse.

True

True Scots transform'd, for us their p—rs shall fall,
 For us their chiefs shall fight, their m——rs bawl;
 Their priests, as usual, 'gainst their country move,
 And doat on Scotsmen with a Scotsman's love.
 Ev'n now I see the welcom'd period rise;
 Our chariots roll, our structures mate the skies;
 For us the painter's art on Scotland's shore
 Shall dress the Landscape's form, unknown before;
 For us the Statue's animated grace
 Shall swell the earlier Patriarchs of our race;
 At college only Jamie shall not bloom,
 Drawn at full length to glare in ev'ry room.
 Thus fatt'ning plenty shall rejoice our race,
 Health in their veins, and transport in their face;
 Of spirit meek, the fascinated State
 With smiles our scorn shall feed, with love our hate.

Her Sons expell'd from ev'ry dear delight,
 From days of pleasure, and contentment's night,
 Shall toil for ever o'er the Scottish plains,
 Where gloom eternal frowns, and horror reigns;
 Where not a flow'r exhales its rich perfume,
 And nature's blessings but in fancy bloom.
 No softer springs the wand'rer's thirst supply,
 Quench'd by the drops alone, which fall from high;
 No simplest garden to engage their toil,
 Where scarce a corner boasts the name of soil;

D

Which

Which the thin oats' thin crop can hardly rear
 To feed the race of Scotsmen for the year :
 In the poor limits of this wretched spot
 Themselves, and meagre Sheep, in peace may rot.

While we each day, with lux'ry's treasures stor'd,
 Reel cloy'd and pamper'd from debauch'ry's board :
 No more with craving stomachs doom'd to feel
 Th' unfinish'd portion of a scanty meal ;
 In ev'ry sleep the heaps of gold shall glow,
 Whose streams, when waken'd, to our arms shall flow,
 Our cars their noisy triumphs shall display,
 And proudly turn the English from their way ;
 Their midnight hours with sounds of horror shake,
 And keep their very CITIZENS awake.

When call'd in crowds to bus'ness of the state,
 OUR sacred presence Nobles selves shall wait ;
 No more disguising shall the hireling chair
 By liv'ry'd Bablers unattended bear ;
 No grumbling mob against our Lairdships sin,
 Tho' plotting mischief 'gainst themselves within,
 Yet—let the miscreants, ever foes to right,
 Survey their country's pangs with aching sight ;
 On the fell authors rush, inflam'd to strife,
 And point their SAVAGE malice at our life ;
 In vain their frenzy seeks the Scotsman's fall,
 OUR Soldiers, at a nod, shall crush them all.

Spite of their frown our hydra-heads aspire,
 And opposition's self shall mount them higher ;
 Holles' diminish'd board shall scarce content
 Those from c—rt kitchens by our prudence sent ;
 England no more luxurious treats shall see,
 Our tastes shall teach them Scots Simplicity ;
 Her lords turn'd Bankrupts shall unpity'd fret,
 Their goods, plate, chariots, glare in the Gazette ;
 All fix'd by purchase in the northern god
 Shall swell the pride of his destructive nod.

Hark how the storm's impetuous horror spreads
 O'er our poor kinsmens', friends', and patriots' heads ;
 Heap'd resignations glare adown the news,
 Which discontented hatred still pursues :
 So rolls the torrent at N—c—le's race,
 That sacred p—t—ts scarce insure a Place.
 Yet full within domestic prudence stands,
 Each saucepan guarded by her loyal hands ;
 Her slaves diminish'd mourn diminish'd fees,
 And competence can scarce the chaplains please.
 THESE, sighing, mourn the Novelty of taste,
 Which clips the pinions of usurping Waste :
 With saecers presaging that their k— must beg,
 With fruitless pray'r, the blessing—of an egg.

Nor here those dangers can the Scotfman score,
 Which swell the horrors of his native shore.

Mark but at Edinburgh the mansions' size,
 Where Huts on Huts to the TENTH story rise ;
 (Tho' now THEIR emulative structures here
 Bid the poor passenger for head-piece fear)
 Where tiles descending own the stormy wind,
 (Whose sharpest malice Scotsmen ever find)
 Which might a Valley make of Cities, fraught
 With the starv'd Pavement they've to London brought.

'Twere well before your walks your Will to make,
 (But Wills are needful where there's nought to take)
 So frown the terrors of the blust'ring night,
 So many rattling windows to affright ;
 Whose wide-extended Jaws ne'er fail to pour
 Filth's various mixtures in a copious shower.

But, worse than all, the Brawlers scour the street,
 For Humor's sake insulting whom they meet ;
 Brawlers by nature (Drunkards, I divine,
 Ne'er MUCH abound without the use of wine)
 Some mischief still deep brooding in their breast,
 Who make their own by breaking others' rest:
 Galba to grandeur such Supporters draws,
 And his prime bully Verres wrests the laws.

Yet fix'd on vengeance, tho' their rage provoke
 False honor's challenge for an harmless joke ;

The

The noble's splendid train they wisely 'ware,
 Nor prefs, like England, round a Galba's Chair.
 While I, in shades of night who rarely roam,
 Who (Heav'n be thank'd) can HUG myself at home;
 Or, if I wander, lanthorn-arm'd advance,
 Like the fair partners of an Hampstead dance,
 I feel his vengeance (Scotsmen all alike
 At Englishmen mechanically strike)
 Yet strike he may; I'm arm'd at heart and hand,
 'Gainst ev'ry Locust of my native land;
 Avenging vigils on the Foes I keep,
 Whose tumults dare to—murder England's sleep.

Still may these Gods exhale with upstart pride
 The ribbald stream to NATIVE earth ally'd;
 Curse the fond nation by their Art betray'd,
 " The tool of industry, the slave of trade;
 " Whose BRUTAL courage, in the field unaw'd,
 " Drops to each kingdom exercis'd in fraud;
 " Then, sneering, tell me, in a wanton sport,
 " Seek you my name, you'll find it at the court.
 " But hence, begone, with wretches OUT OF place
 " For Scotsmen thus to parly, is disgrace:
 " While our own laird the full-blown rev'rence draws,
 " And WISE as VIRTUOUS consecrates our cause.
 " Yet, England, with thy doom contented sit,
 " Those ONCE who quit us must for EVER quit:

" OUR loyal zéal the scripture-doctrine proves,
 " WHO moves NOT FOR US, HE AGAINST US moves."

Ill-fated kingdom, where corruption's note
 Plants her relentless dagger at thy throat ;
 Or, when each fav'ring avenue is barr'd,
 Can steal her poison thro' a slumb'ring guard ;
 Oft her delusive instruments advance,
 Fann'd to destruction by the breath of France ;
 Bid the full glories of our conquests cease,
 Usurp our dear-bought rights, and mock with peace :
 Thus ev'ry nation woos us but to cheat,
 And vanquish'd foes still triumph when they treat.

And yet experience boasts our spotless times,
 Which curse the mighty heap of former crimes ;
 While fewer dungeons now suffice the town,
 Improv'd in taste by Ludgates taken down.
 Thus flush'd with virtues, my prophetic muse
 (Nor long shall fancy only feast her views)
 My muse proclaims a happier fall by far,
 The fall, ye Scottish swains, of Temple-Bar.

More solid causes might my course delay,
 But sacred judgment beckons me away ;
 Judgment, whose sober mandate checks my fire,
 And smiles no more my Satire to inspire.

But

But thou, oh ! ———, on whose steady soul
 The beams of friendship blaze with full control,
 From learning's seat, indulgent genius, deign
 To point my venom, and enlarge my strain;
 To roll with animated force the stream,
 O'erflow'd with gall, when Scotland is my theme.

But that, on whole, steady feel
The beams of friendship plate with full control;
From learning's test, intelligent design
To point my reason, and enlarge my brain;
To roll with raptures from the dream
O'erflow'd with joy, when school is my theme.

FOURTH

THE

THE

THE
FOURTH SATIRE
IMITATED*.

HENCE, Vice, begone; 'gainst thee enrag'd I
 wing
 My daring flight, and point the satire's sting:
 Thou fiend, still careless of the voice of fame,
 Still unreclaim'd by virtue's heav'nly flame;
 Alike my foe, whatever passion guide
 Thy tainted soul, ambition, lust, or pride.
 Ah! what avail the splendors of the star,
 The bounding courfers, or the rattling car?

* The subject of this imitation is an anecdote in our English histories, of the most ridiculous nature; which is here the more amply enlarged on, as it serves to prove (in a preposterous farce, unnecessarily carry'd on by a Tyrant) the very near affinity betwixt folly and oppression.

Ah !

Ah ! what avails the mansion high display'd,
 Like Lux'ry's temple 'mid th' incumbent shade ?
 Their awful lord should plenteous acres own,
 He builds on fordid dirt a weak renown :
 The frown of Satire checks his wanton boast,
 Tho' thousand virgins mourn their virtue lost.

But now, descending from the height of crimes,
 Survey the vicious follies of the times ;
 Which spread from MODEST priesthood o'er the land,
 Well need the censure of correction's hand.

Hear ruthless Mauro, with fastidious plan
 (Nor deem profession consecrates the man)
 On-spotless virtue fell detraction roll,
 For errors rankling in his coarser soul ;
 Whose horrid bronze as horrid features GRACE,
 His bosom's blackness frowning in his face :
 Hear him with wat'ring mouth, and panting heart,
 Great master of the culinary art,
 Bawl the rich lecture to the priestly train,
 And deathless triumphs from his nonsense gain.
 Whose prudence pure, untinctur'd with deceit,
 Not, Lowther-like, in waggons heaps the treat,
 But STEALS his ribbald scrawls to grandeur's arms,
 When high ambition wooes the Mitre's charms.

Ev'n now he grasps the visionary prize,
 And, flush'd with second spring, to * beauty flies:
 A stern bashaw in love, whose law's his will,
 While self, self only is the mistress still.
 And is it thus that pride's affected tool,
 Who forms from venal estimates his rule,
 Who struts in trappings from his country torn,
 And eyes each scribe, but his own, with scorn;
 To music low'rs the self-sufficient grin,
 Without one spark of harmony within,
 Is't thus that Mauro, lur'd by plenty's bowl,
 Loaths the dull task, the business of the soul;
 His fest'ring passion truth nor manners tie,
 He talks, writes, preaches, ev'n from vanity;
 To rude buffoon'ry sacrifices sense;
 At feasts alone his happy Residence;
 While to his boast taste, learning, genius fall,
 In thought the true colossus o'er us all.

* The genuine disposition of the character here described may be conjectured from the following epigram:

By Shaft'sbury's fancy 'twas of late express'd,
 That only ridicule's of truth the test:
 This rev'rend censure views, and scorns to own
 The shallow tyrant lifted to the throne;
 Such zeal for truth from books to life extends,
 And fondly soothes his disappointed ends;
 While scandal's manlier strains his rancor move
 To blast the fair he cannot win to love.

Away,

Away, ye sacred nine ! celestial maids !
 Still roam embosom'd in your secret shades ;
 I call no virgins to Britannia's plain,
 To point my satire, and inspire my strain.

When brutal Mary sway'd the English helm,
 And bloody popery ravag'd all the realm,
 The mother's fancy'd load oppress'd the queen ;
 ——Fair virtue with a sigh surveys the scene :
 Still lies she pensive in the arms of pain,
 As real labor from th' embrace of Spain.

False zeal in rapture views the ling'ring hope,
 Whose birth insures a vassal to the Pope ;
 If others' pray'rs a diff'rent prince require,
 The Papist rages with indignant fire,
 And hurries, frantic for religion's sake,
 Th' unhappy victims martyrs to the stake.
 Should others' voice the fond assent deny,
 As Mary's sickness were a statesman's lie,
 Forth rush th' informing tribe, with rigid flame,
 Fir'd at this insult on their monarch's name.
 " Say whence the jest," they cry, " the scoffing mirth,
 " On all that's beauty, and on all that's worth ?
 " Beware the founts, which princely anger draw,
 " Nor stain the bulwark of the church and law ;
 " Left vengeance rising check the thoughtless breath,
 " Nor leave to sickness' pains the work of death.

" And

“ And know, opprobrious, from the hand of pow’r
 “ The wing’d revenge will hasten to devour ;
 “ Then, vainly then, in life’s last tortures mourn,
 “ That e’er your madness dar’d a queen to scorn.”

Now to the palace with devouring sight,
 Where all are welcome, who are foes to right,
 Press the full crowd ;—first eager Gardiner flies,
 As the lov’d mitre’s charms allur’d his eyes ;
 “ Hail, happy morn, thrice-hail, distinguish’d day,
 “ Shine forth, bright Phœbus, with redoubled ray ;
 “ Ye sons of popery, bid adieu to care ;
 “ Now pious * Princess, and your train despair ;
 “ Spring, spring to life, and guide, celestial youth,
 “ Each wand’ring soul to pop’ry, and to truth.”

Frail grandeur swell’d with flatt’ry’s giddy line
 Quits the low earth, and soars to the divine ;
 A chosen band she summons to debate,
 Some from her love, and others from her hate ;
 Such diff’rent natures form the motley shew,
 As various colors spread the heav’nly bow.

Wrap’d in the sacred prelate’s soberer vest,
 Ill-suited to his savage brutal breast,
 First rushes Bonner with impatient breath,
 “ Now, now, my brethren, to the work of death ;”

* Q. Elizabeth.

The chief of slaughter's fiends he glows to fill
 Each hour with terror, and inhuman ill:
 At Mary's nod, in Popery's hellish cause,
 He stamps on right, and tramples o'er the laws.

Mildness in heart, in form a papist, *Pole*
 I view with pitying, yet revering soul;
 Lov'd of the tyrant queen to him belong
 Sweetness of mind, and elegance of tongue:
 When the fell savage's inhuman breast
 Prepar'd each sharpest pang to Virtue's rest,
 How oft THY milder notes the stream withstood,
 Nor wish'd Religion's footsteps mark'd with blood!
 The wretch obeys, suspends th' ungen'rous toil,
 And Mary's self compassion learns a-while.
 Oh! hadst thou bid the storm for ever cease,
 And lull'd her bosom to RELIGIOUS peace;
 The muse had dar'd the heav'nly deed commend,
 And thou, where Cranmer fail'd, hadst prov'd a friend.

In prosp'ring state with richest blessings spread,
 Thus Pole the council's chief, the church's head,
 At length in hoary grace, with peaceful doom,
 Sunk, like the patriarch, to the welcome tomb.

Not so great Cranmer, who with virtuous zeal
 Breath'd, acted, dy'd for his religion's weal;
 With good old Latimer's soft-smiling age,
 And dauntless Ridley, venerable sage,

He

He scorns the tyrant's frown, the tort'ring stake,
 And falls just falt'ring for religion's sake.
 What now avails, that with unshaken hand
 He scatter'd truth, and virtue o'er the land?
 What now avails, that with successful sway
 He form'd young Edward to the golden way?
 Vain is the preacher's glow, th' instructor's pride,
 Cranmer, and virtue funk, when Edward dy'd.

To these a meagre pallid number came,
 The slaves of vices, and unknown to shame;
 Worn out in crimes, yet reeking with perfume,
 To give some graces to a shatter'd bloom;
 Scarce animated ghosts, whose bodies find
 A proper semblance in an ill-form'd mind;
 Spaniels of court, who with a supple grace
 Smile at their foes, and whisper friends from place,

Now slowly stalks in surly grandeur great
 The would-be tyrant of each church and state;
 Tyrant of England then, but soon to moan
 His ravish'd pow'r from great Eliza's throne.
 Oh! how the monster sucks with greedy eyes
 For future years the tributary prize!
 Poor blinded wretch, who views the time no more,
 When Henry drove him from the English shore.
 The future slave he sees with mad delight;
 The slave, in what his frenzy terms the right;

Transf.

Transported, as when princes leave their home,
To pay due homage at HIS feet in Rome.

Th' ungovern'd legate fan'd with fiercer fires
A stream of wild enthusiast zeal inspires;
The desp'rate Minion storms with brutal rage,
Nor stays his eager curse from sex, or age:
" Now, happy Rome, a waste of joy display,
" And own the blessings of this genial day;
" A madden'd Henry's rigid frown no more
" Shall wrest your precepts from this subject shore;
" This day for ever bends to pop'ry's reign
" At once the Britons, and the sons of Spain.
" I see, I see, in richest splendors rise
" Each future action to my conscious eyes;
" His gen'rous soul a full-blown greatness bears,
" To deck the monarch for a length of years;
" Burst from the narrow limits of the womb,
" Arise, my Prince, and for a nation bloom."

Now, friends, cries Bonner with fanatic zeal,
Fix the dread stake, prepare the tort'ring wheel;
From hence, where'er the regal footsteps tread,
Be ev'ry place with bleeding subjects spread.

Thus spoke the fiend; the threats of brutal ire
The good detest, and papists scarce admire:

But

But he still thirsts to try the murd'rous art,
 And show'r fell torments on the human heart ;
 " In Edward's days ye trod secure of harm,
 " For vig'rous counsels stop'd my daring arm ;
 " No Pope in fetters bound the vassal-realm,
 " No careless Spaniard slumber'd at the helm :
 " But now 'tis pass'd, I tread destruction's way,
 " And the heart loves, when once it tastes the prey."

Thus, after nothing done, the council rise,
 Victims alike of terror and surprize ;
 The papist train with daring taunts pursue,
 And low'r defiance to the virtuous few ;
 With conscious joy, as Mary's graceless reign
 Had bent stol'n Calais to her yoke again.

Thus had she pass'd the moments of her life
 In giddy trifles, and fantastic strife,
 What sacred prelates had surviv'd to grace,
 And spread rich glories on a future race !
 Unknown to harm the guiltless reign had stood,
 Not stamp'd with carnage, and embu'd in blood :—
 Yet heav'n beheld—the scepter'd miscreant lyes,—
 Detested victim to religion's cries.

And the first of these is the world of men,
And the second is the world of women;
The third is the world of the young,
The fourth is the world of the old;
The fifth is the world of the rich,
The sixth is the world of the poor;
The seventh is the world of the free,
The eighth is the world of the slave;
The ninth is the world of the wise,
The tenth is the world of the fool;
The eleventh is the world of the good,
The twelfth is the world of the bad;
The thirteenth is the world of the true,
The fourteenth is the world of the false;
The fifteenth is the world of the brave,
The sixteenth is the world of the coward;
The seventeenth is the world of the strong,
The eighteenth is the world of the weak;
The nineteenth is the world of the high,
The twentieth is the world of the low;
The twenty-first is the world of the great,
The twenty-second is the world of the small;
The twenty-third is the world of the noble,
The twenty-fourth is the world of the base;
The twenty-fifth is the world of the pure,
The twenty-sixth is the world of the impure;
The twenty-seventh is the world of the clean,
The twenty-eighth is the world of the dirty;
The twenty-ninth is the world of the honest,
The thirtieth is the world of the dishonest;
The thirty-first is the world of the just,
The thirty-second is the world of the unjust;
The thirty-third is the world of the fair,
The thirty-fourth is the world of the unfair;
The thirty-fifth is the world of the right,
The thirty-sixth is the world of the wrong;
The thirty-seventh is the world of the good,
The thirty-eighth is the world of the evil;
The thirty-ninth is the world of the true,
The fortieth is the world of the false;
The forty-first is the world of the brave,
The forty-second is the world of the coward;
The forty-third is the world of the strong,
The forty-fourth is the world of the weak;
The forty-fifth is the world of the high,
The forty-sixth is the world of the low;
The forty-seventh is the world of the great,
The forty-eighth is the world of the small;
The forty-ninth is the world of the noble,
The fiftieth is the world of the base;
The fifty-first is the world of the pure,
The fifty-second is the world of the impure;
The fifty-third is the world of the clean,
The fifty-fourth is the world of the dirty;
The fifty-fifth is the world of the honest,
The fifty-sixth is the world of the dishonest;
The fifty-seventh is the world of the just,
The fifty-eighth is the world of the unjust;
The fifty-ninth is the world of the fair,
The sixtieth is the world of the unfair;
The sixty-first is the world of the right,
The sixty-second is the world of the wrong;
The sixty-third is the world of the good,
The sixty-fourth is the world of the evil;
The sixty-fifth is the world of the true,
The sixty-sixth is the world of the false;
The sixty-seventh is the world of the brave,
The sixty-eighth is the world of the coward;
The sixty-ninth is the world of the strong,
The seventieth is the world of the weak;
The seventy-first is the world of the high,
The seventy-second is the world of the low;
The seventy-third is the world of the great,
The seventy-fourth is the world of the small;
The seventy-fifth is the world of the noble,
The seventy-sixth is the world of the base;
The seventy-seventh is the world of the pure,
The seventy-eighth is the world of the impure;
The seventy-ninth is the world of the clean,
The eightieth is the world of the dirty;
The eighty-first is the world of the honest,
The eighty-second is the world of the dishonest;
The eighty-third is the world of the just,
The eighty-fourth is the world of the unjust;
The eighty-fifth is the world of the fair,
The eighty-sixth is the world of the unfair;
The eighty-seventh is the world of the right,
The eighty-eighth is the world of the wrong;
The eighty-ninth is the world of the good,
The ninetieth is the world of the evil;
The ninety-first is the world of the true,
The ninety-second is the world of the false;
The ninety-third is the world of the brave,
The ninety-fourth is the world of the coward;
The ninety-fifth is the world of the strong,
The ninety-sixth is the world of the weak;
The ninety-seventh is the world of the high,
The ninety-eighth is the world of the low;
The ninety-ninth is the world of the great,
The hundredth is the world of the small;

THE
FIFTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

WHAT! still dependent on the slaves of state,
Still dost thou haunt the tables of the great?
Tho' ceaseless insults smite thee to the face,
Which had incens'd ev'n Wolsey in disgrace.

Away; no more these giddy joys pursue;
All nature's wants, believe me, are but few;
And richer bliss contentment's smiles afford,
Than crowns the plenty of a noble's board.

Ah! rather shudd'ring in the face of day,
Go, at some road thy menial wants display;
Go, rummage all the magazine of woes,
The broken leg, the shiver'd arm disclose;

On some dry'd bone, the dog's detested treat,
 Let thy teeth labor for the scrap of meat;
 Groan the long night, earth only for thy bed,
 While low'ring tempests break above thy head;
 This rather be thy lot, than slave of pelf
 Sell for a bribe thy virtue, and thy self;
 Or live the Mercury of an upstart's breast,
 By smiles elated, and by frowns depress'd.

But lo! the blissful hour arrives at last,
 A full reward for all thy labors past;
 My lord steps forth,—“ To-morrow I wou'd see
 “ Florio at dinner;—know, I dine at three.”
 Hence, care (thou cry'st) hence, sorrow, to the wind,
 I will be happy, for my lord is kind.—
 Alas! no kindness rules the noble's will,—
 He knows not else an empty chair to fill;—
 Perhaps by Florio's presence he intends
 T' improve the laughter of his neighb'ring friends.

But thou elate with madness of delight
 Know'st not to sleep a single wink at night;
 Such fond expectance flutters in thy head,
 Thou fly'st in conscious transport from thy bed;
 Thro' the deep midnight poring to survey,
 If yet the sun-beams usher in the day;—
 At length, exulting at the rising dawn,
 Thy toiling eyes salute the happy morn.

Lo!

Lo! Florio now, array'd in all his best,
 (Left my good lord should think him meanly dress'd)
 Impatient rushing Becket's shrine to greet,
 Thanks his kind stars, if foremost of the treat.

But hark! what fury! what envenom'd strains!
 As some dire frenzy had inflam'd your brains:
 Whence fly with giddy rage the massy bowls,
 As more than carnivals inspir'd your souls!
 Whence does this blood distain thy mangled face!
 And the spilt cups thy reeking breast disgrace!
 Whence, but subservient to thy patron's will,
 Enflaming wines thy madden'd bosom fill!
 And now thou roar'st inebriate with thy joys,
 Till Becket's frown speaks silence to the noise:
 Yet know, 'tis well, supremely blest thy doom,
 If the slave thrusts not Florio from the room.

Add that the noble feasts his mirthful vein
 With the rich-sparkling treasures of Champagne:
 For him Burgundia's fertile region pours
 With lavish finger all her choicest stores:
 For him Italia's luxury rears the vine;
 His the rich tribute of Oporto's wine,
 Which flow'd unrival'd, sanctify'd by age,
 Ere France enervated the nation's rage.
 Far different draughts thy meaner lot await—
 Think not to sip presumptuous with the great;

Contented to thy lot if wines should fall
 Adult'rate, sour, or ANY wine at all.

Lo! smiling Becket with luxurious soul
 Triumphant grasps the gold-encircled bowl;
 Or the rich diamond's pride in costly rows
 Around the studded cup resplendent glows;
 This may thine eyes at awful distance see,
 More were prophane, the sight's enough for thee.
 But shou'd thy patron with indulgent mind
 Grant thee a touch (ah! that indeed were kind!)
 The slaves with watchful eye the cup behold,
 The diamonds count, and pore upon the gold.
 For thee (enough thy menial hands to deck)
 The narrow HORN extends its crany neck;
 Thro' this to suck the vine's poor sparing juice,
 And know, 'tis well if cleans'd for Florio's use.
 Should the gout's slightest torment pain my lord
 (The well-known visitant of grandeur's board)
 His circling minions richest cordials seize
 To sooth the wretch to temporary ease.
 Fast by thy side the negro takes his stand,
 And fills thy aukward cup with brawny hand;
 A wretch, who met amid the gloom of night
 Would fill thy soul with horror and affright;
 Lest while thou trod'st the solitary way,
 Like the Venetian, he might stab for pay.

For

For him the youths in liv'ry'd pride array'd,
 Expert and skilful in the HANDY trade,
 Shine round the board, and wait his lordly call,—
 The flow'r, the glory of the slaves of Gaul;
 Slaves the thin joys of native air who leave,
 Thy lavish plenty, England, to receive,
 Dare not on these a lordly eye to turn;
 They curse thy mandate, and thy cries they spurn:
 Not such to thee the laughing bowl impart,
 Too well, alas! they know thee, who thou art.
 Not such, neglectful of their titled lord,
 Skip to THY voice, and dance around thy board;—
 Thee, menial guest, with grudging eye they view,
 A guest the meaner vassal of the two.

With equal sway among the lordly great
 Pride rules the kitchen, and the rooms of state:
 While sparing scraps thy tortur'd tooth engage,
 Stiffen'd and moulder'd with a length of age,
 White as the snow before my lord is spread
 (Who nips with tender tooth) the softest bread;
 Away; nor dare extend thy longing hand;
 In vain (as ignorant of the dread command)
 In vain thou plead'st the wishes of thine eyes,
 A slave stands o'er, and wrests the smiling prize.
 " Perverse, presumptuous, wilt thou never find
 " What's for my lord, and what's for thee design'd?

“ This for thy touch ’twere madness to intend—

“ Such treasures only blefs a TITLED friend.”

Was it for this (thy murmuring voice may cry)
I dar’d the rigors of th’ inclement sky?
For this deserted all the sweets of life,
My happier cottage, and my fonder wife?
For this, while ev’ry eye was clos’d in sleep,
Toil’d o’er the midnight hill’s aspiring steep?
For this?—and still frail fortune’s fordid tool,
Thou liv’st the vassal of an upstart fool.

See; for proud Becket show’rs the willing main
The richest glories of her finny train;
For him the pike extends, auspicious lord,
Its monarch bulk upon the splendid board;
High rear’d above, the joys luxurious see,
It tow’rs in grandeur, and looks down on **THEE**;
Not this thy treat, not thine the royal fish,
Bless’d if the **FARMER’S FARE** adorn thy dish:
His taste the richest sauce exuberant greets,
And sheds in laughing streams its fragrant sweets:
For thee the baseless oil, whose steamy light
Spreads its dim influence on the face of night.

For Becket’s lips the turtle’s sweets attend,
Which to his board the rifled Indies send;
For him the huntsman’s care, the fisher’s toil,
The plains they ravage, and the seas they spoil;

For

For him with gaping search th' expectant heir
 Ransacks the wing'd inhabitants of air ;
 Disdainful of the Law, whose milder pow'r
 Protracts from sons of sport their little hour.
 Whilst thou, the slave, the victim of disgrace,
 Pin'st 'mid th' encircling joys of plenty's face ;
 And still, close-fetter'd, hug'st thy menial state,
 These smiles of woe, this starving with the great.

Yet hear, ye nobles, and attend the strain
 Of independent virtue's dauntless train :

- " What mean th' insulting frowns, the scornful eyes,
- " UNTITLED goodness daring to despise ?
- " Think'st thou, we deign to ask, presumptuous lord,
- " The various largess, or perpetual board ?
- " Think'st thou with flatt'ry's cringing step we roam
- " To thee, UNABLE of the feast at home ?
- " Know, that thou see'st the man, whose gen'rous soul
- " No grandeur frights, no menaces control ;
- " Know, that thou hear'st the voice, whose daring strain
- " Will answer threat for threat, for scorn disdain :
- " Nor think, subservient to thy lordly call,
- " As slaves to scourge us, or as vassals gall ;
- " The manly bosom is, and will be free ;
- " Or treat with kindness, or invite not me.
- " Still let the Parasite thy treat commend,
- " Still praise voracious, whom he thinks his friend ;

" Still

" Still may he cry (dependent on thy smile)
 " Let peasants hunger, and let oxen toil ;
 " The world around me rul'd by fortune's pow'r,
 " Or feel the adverse, or the prosp'rous hour ;
 " Others I heed not, if the great afford
 " The lavish plenty of his friendly board."

Meanwhile th' unliv'ry'd fop (by mode of town
 Whose useless station claims him HALF-A-CROWN)
 If once neglected, with a well-bred grace,
 Affronts the guests, and stares them in the face :
 Urg'd by his nod (how envy'd is thy doom !)
 The noisy slaves rush jostling o'er the room :
 Alas ! what boots the head's afflictive pain ?
 Be still, licentious, for thou mourn'st in vain.
 The tool of grandeur with a ceaseless smart
 Must bear each insult of the head, and heart ;
 Must suffer (happy if no ills beside)
 The jests of folly, and the stings of pride.

But still, vain Florio, still wilt thou descry
 The world's false splendors with a jaundic'd eye ?
 Did ever lordly Becket deign to sip
 The cup polluted by thy meaner lip ?
 Did ever Florio with a free-born soul
 With Becket dare to crown the mutual bowl ?
 Or from his voice the friendly accents prove,
 " Here's health and transport to the man I love ?"

Ah !

Ah! no such sounds thy slavish station blest;
Thine—to be silent, till he deigns address.
And Becket, well thou know'st, with different face
Eyes the plain vestment, and the dazzling lace.

But say, should heav'n with arm indulgent show'r
The beaming charms of riches, or of pow'r,
What smiling scenes thy vary'd state would crown!
No more the menial slave of Becket's frown;
No more devoted to this earthly god
Would Florio stoop, and tremble at a nod;
Each milder sound wou'd stream from Becket's breast,
"Thou dearest brother, and most welcome guest;"
Now shining high in grandeur, fame, and birth,
Tho' late the refuse, and the dregs of earth.
"Come then, my friend, unknowing of control,
"With all my plenty feast thy lib'ral soul;
"Come, 'tis for thee the lavish banquet's spread,
"Slave, to my friend the full-brim'd goblet shed."

Accursed gold! array'd in friendship's vest,
Deluding flatt'ry feeds thy votary's breast;
Know then, exalted, 'tis thy sordid pelf,
That gains the smile of grandeur, not thy self.

'Tis not enough that wealth thy bosom grace,
If thine the blessings of the lisping race;

Not

Not round thy board with prattling voice must run
 The beauteous daughter, or the dearer son.
 If fortune frown, thy teeming wife may bear
 The welcome burden each revolving year ;
 Then Becket's self with tender voice may deign
 With little gifts to sooth the wanton train ;
 Himself admiring of the harmless joys,
 Pour from his hand the rattles, and the toys :
 The infant there the fondest friend will find,
 Where no expectant hopes o'er-rul'd the mind.

The KINDRED mushroom on his nod attends,
 While frowns the TOAD-STOOL on inferior friends ;
 He feasts indiff'rent, should they eat or fast,
 Indiff'rent, tho' this morsel were their last.

See now, reclining on the chair of state,
 He smiles indulgent o'er the neighb'ring great ;
 For them the lavish pine does luxury bring
 From mansions cherish'd with eternal spring ;
 And richest fruits (for such alone suffice)
 Bid the taste revel in the sweets of ice.
 Thus grandeur tow'rs with whims fantastic grac'd,
 'Tis thine to feed thy nostrils, not thy taste ;
 At best but doom'd with thankful smile to eat
 Some deaden'd WIND-FALL for thy fordid treat ;
 Such on parades the rude recruits devour,
 Who play with musquets at a serjeant's pow'r.

The

The great he welcomes; but with ceaseless smart
 He toils to fill thy agonizing heart;
 Studious the scene of laughter to display,
 And send thee famish'd from the long-wish'd day:
 This Becket's will; and just thy slavish doom,
 Thou laughter, scorn, and OUTLAW of the room.

Go, shameless votary to inglorious pelf,
 Florio, away, and learn to know thy self:
 Tho' "mine (thou cry'st) the bold undaunted breast,
 "With all my country's honest freedom bless'd;
 "Mine the firm heart, ne'er hush'd to mean control;"—
 Yet Becket spies the liar in thy soul;
 Yes, all thy fears he views, and knows thee well,
 Lull'd by the fragrance of the kitchen's smell.

Who else regardless of th' insulting strain
 Would hug the charms of slav'ry's menial chain;
 Nor dare to pour resentment's headlong tide,
 And quash the frown of grandeur and of pride?
 Heav'ns! should my bosom haunt the noble's treat,
 If fed with moulder'd scraps of sordid meat,
 While at the board a neighb'ring guest employs
 His feasting palate with luxurious joys?
 Would I, vain flatt'rer! bear with patient breast
 (Spurn'd like the brute) the slave's inhuman jest?
 No; my soul, fearless of the titled lord,
 Would spurn his favors, and detest his board.

Away

Away then; grandeur's tyrant-heart despise,
 Enflam'd by virtue's call to vengeance rise :
 Go, when he frowns, thy injur'd bosom free,
 And point the diff'rence 'twixt a slave and thee.
 But if, allur'd by base corruption's charms,
 Thou hug'st dishonor with a lover's arms,
 Still may'st thou bear contempt's eternal song,
 And all the venom of a noble's tongue !
 Still live they victims of opprobrious shame,
 Whose bosoms triumph in the loss of fame !
 Ne'er, ne'er to THESE th' injurious insult end,
 When SUCH the banquet, and when SUCH the friend.

THE

THE
SIXTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

YES—o'er the world in Adam's earlier days
 Thou pour'd'st, fair Chastity, thy lenient rays :
 Yes—still they shone resplendent o'er the mind,
 When simpler mortals, to the hut confin'd,
 Smil'd in their household's comfortable shade,
 Alike to shepherds, and to flocks display'd.
 Th' unpolish'd confort then securely prefs'd
 Her verdant pillow wrap'd in balmy rest ;
 While hides and leaves their canopy dispense,
 To shield the lids of slumb'ring innocence :
 No lap-dog's pains her eye with tears defile,
 No husband's death extracts the willing smile.

Then

Then strod the sturdy swain in honest pride,
His healthy infants prattling by his side;
And the fond partner, with unborrow'd grace,
Shews happy union beaming in her face:
Forms truly great, of nature's genuine clay,
Not sprung like mushrooms of a modern day.

THEN shone, O Modesty! thy blest'd domain;
Few traces left in ancient David's reign,
When the meek lambkin's too-alluring charm
Fell to the rapine of the monarch's arm;
No need of justice the foul crime to scan,
A Nathan's voice to conscience points—the man:
Now justice has to law the throne resign'd,
And shame takes shelter but in folly's mind.

Old Time a sanction on the mode has shed,
Which blasts the transports of the nuptial bed;
In other deeds we brazen years behold;
In this—the age of luxury and gold,

But lo! the parchment-chain, the lawyer's zeal,
The treach'rous friend, the witness, and the seal,
Stamp the fair scene of bliss; gay Strephon stands
Just spruc'd, and monkey'd from the barber's hands;
Long has the present smil'd with winning art,
Till the last ling'ring gift insures the heart.

Say,

Say, giddy stripling, what o'er-ruling fire
 Enflames thy bosom to the wild desire ?
 Can no amusement lend its friendly aid ?
 See Arthur's ever-open doors display'd ;
 Matrons and Methodists with routs engage,
 A Bridge with Latin, and with farce the stage.
 Go then, unfetter'd with a husband's care,
 Nor with the earlier prospect of an heir ;
 Still let expectant kinsmen shed their stores,
 Or the more fawning friend besiege thy doors ;
 Some clouded Jesuit, who with crafty rule
 Commands your pockets, and proclaims you fool.
 Hence, son of pleasure, whose ungovern'd life
 Must feel the rein to fit thee for a wife ;
 For smiles from virtue's charms you vainly strive,
 Who stoop with threescore years at twenty-five.

Are virtue's charms for libertines design'd ?
 For thee the faultless frame, the spotless mind ?—
 'Tis wisdom's task to bend before the shrine,
 That task, which folly makes thee wish for thine.
 Thro' private life who moves with steady grace ;
 Who dares the scandal of a public place ;
 On whom no censures rev'rend dotards shed ;
 But dwell delighted on the NAT'RAL RED ;
 Such calls for blifs, for blessings on the fair
 Pour forth, ye friends, the tributary pray'r,

F

That

That nuptial vows increasing pledges bring,
To share the transports which from goodness spring.

Enflam'd by love, from England's hated air,
Flies with the flutt'ring lord the courtly fair ;
From scene to scene she roams with fond delight,
Till Bremen's friendly seat retards her flight.
Thus, while the matron with a sneering smile
Weeps o'er her tea th' intemp'rance of the isle,
SHE, with her restless partner, leaves behind
House, parents, kindred, with contented mind ;
In vain the kind despondents with her stay,
In vain the dearer op'ra, ball, or play.
Ah ! what avails, from plenty's fost'ring hand
She tastes indulgence at a fire's command :
She spurns the low'ring storm, the stings of shame,
Nor heeds, when love forbids, the call of fame.
Survey her smiling with undaunted soul,
While the rough ocean's angry billows roll ;
Ah ! little thinking she may shortly prove
Far greater tempests on the SEA of love.

Say, marry'd dames, would no evasions fire
Resistance to a husband's fond desire ?
No shifts of cunning to divert his sight ;
No mimic'd stumble, or no cold to fright ?
Magicians fly, whose fertile fancies form
At will a sky serene, or threat'ning storm.

Bold

Bold as the maiden, mount the giddy ship,
 Go, brave the dangers of the roaring deep:
 Nor sickness' qualms, nor nauseous smells offend
 The heart thus center'd in a faithful friend.
 Go, chat familiar by the sailor's side,
 With all the stripling's condescending pride.

See the bold knight with captivating smiles
 In comely youth the yielding fair beguiles;
 His the clear lustre of a blooming face,
 Where ev'ry feature strikes with softest grace:
 Mark the quick ear, the piercing eye, with awe,
 And keep such treasures from a foreign Spaw.
 How sure of transport is the nuptial plan,
 When kindred title sanctifies the man;
 Title, whose radiance speaks with dazzling glare,
 "Go, rise superior to the sister-fair:"
 Seek ye the rest?—His virtues and his fame
 Let the poor relics of a club proclaim.

What nuptial joys discordant bosoms cheer,
 Learn from th' example of a fondling peer:
 Repeated rivals form his day's delight,
 And solitary slumbers crown the night:
 SHE, won by fashion's more prevailing charms,
 For ev'ry upstart leaves his drowsy arms;
 With one congenial nymph inur'd to roam,
 Nor, till her gold's exhausted, thinks of HOME.

Enflam'd the widow's faded joys to prove;
 Pam gaily flutters with th' alarms of love ;
 No need of charms to fascinate the heart,
 When wealth's superior lustre points the dart.
 Let vacant coxcombs to the fair indite
 Their am'rous nonsense, tho' they scarce can write;
 Yet happier she by far whose fate has try'd
 The widow's freedom in the fondled bride.

How sunk Florello's soul, to love betray'd !
 Sunk to those beauties which so quickly fade !
 When from consumption's undermining pow'r,
 A meagre ghost she lies in sickness' hour,
 Then vary'd low'rs the note: " Thou slave of art,
 " Thy form departed flings me to the heart ;
 " That shrivell'd corse befits the mould'ring tomb,—
 " Hence—others wait my smile in beauty's bloom."
 Yet she at pleasure's call could waste away
 Her gold at Deard's, her spirits at a play ;
 Whate'er o'er London's space attracts her eyes,
 Plate, jewels, laces, ev'ry thing she buys :
 This the sole value of her fleeting pelf,
 To leave no neighbor to outvie herself.

In these sad times, when low'ring to the eyes
 The faithful Gazette teems with bankruptcies,
 Each pageant lux'ry decks the trader's wife,
 How else supported were a city-life ?

The

The diamond's heap pil'd o'er an aukward mien
 To make her worthy to salute a queen ;
 Jewels, which handed down by antient rule,
 New set for fashion, shine from fool to fool ;
 Doom'd to some duchess' pride their borrow'd ray,
 When smiles a gaping coronation-day ;
 Unless at pawn their melancholy place,
 Lodg'd with the sneaking swine-detesting race.

If thine the wishes of CONNUBIAL chains,
 Where birth superior dignifies the veins ;
 Where virtue prompts each action of the mind,
 Like gentle England much to peace inclin'd ;
 There bind the knot ; the phoenix checks my rage,
 When thus our boarding-schools adorn the age.

Sure the worst torment of the marry'd life
 Is conscious merit in a titled wife :
 Be mine a stranger to the modes of town—
 These faultless wives the name of husband drown.
 What is to me the brother's martial fire ?
 Let him and all his tricks to camp retire :
 If kindred ties the ministerial great,
 I wish him happy with his load of state.

Hence, scandal, hence divert thy poison'd darts,
 Nor spend their guilty rage on harmless hearts.

Thus Justice cries : One female errs alone ;
 Why blast the rest for errors not their own ?
 In vain ; like quicksilver the demon runs,
 Piercing the fame of parents, daughters, sons ;
 Each friend an upstart, that at wealth's command
 Looks big as she who lords it o'er the Strand.

Thus heav'nly virtues languish in the fair,
 Dazzled by vanity's fantastic glare,
 Whose baneful flames each social transport pall,
 And turn the sweetness of the soul to gall.

Should such a consort bless man's happier choice,
 Tho' some faint praises flutter on his voice,
 Her solid worth how trivial must he deem !
 For where's the force of love without esteem ?

One lesser fault the cens'ring strains impart,
 Small, tho' a torment to the husband's heart :
 Whence springs, ye fair, the passion of the mind,
 Which good, nor beauty, but from France can find ?
 In foreign sounds how ill is knowledge shewn,
 While, very English, ignorant of your own !
 Why to express resentment, fear, or joy,
 Must the full bosom stranger-words employ ?
 Why too in French must ev'ry SECRET roll ?
 (Go next and trust them to a Frenchman's soul)

Such

Such, man, avoid !—oh ! save the parson's fee ;
The hand unite not, where the heart is free.

When such the wife, she fways with boundless pow'r ;
A slave I hail you from the nuptial hour.
Ope wide the purse-strings, let the treasures fly,
Some trinket, or some monkey strikes her eye :
If jealous, she will vex you all she can ;
They've num'rous arts to plague a loving man.
A very cypher the fond husband stands ;
To buy, or sell, all passes thro' her hands.
New friendships she will form, while those before,
Whom most you lov'd, are driven from the door.
Mean while insipid aunts, and Yorkshire cousins,
With UPSTART uncles, she admits by dozens ;
And if the world approv'd, her fondling care
Would fix some former suitor for thy heir.

Now to the kitchen : There supreme her rule ;
My lady's maid chief usher of the school.
Your older servants first she turns away,
For those a mistress care not to obey :
Ask you their faults ? I will (she cries) prevail !
And pins a saucy dish-clout to your tail.
Thee and thy servants too she views with scorn,
Nor thinks such wretches like herself were born.

Tir'd for awhile of tyranny at home,
 Now to a neighbor-friend her footsteps roam;
 A friend, when absent, at whose faults she sneers,
 She courts to set her household by the ears;
 Leaving her dear expectant lord the while,
 Tho' yet the HONEY-MOON around them smile.
 Thus, ever-restless, toils she till her doom,
 When "hic quiescit" greets him on her tomb.

The fiercest storms, that nuptial peace offend,
 Rise from th' intrusion of a BOSOM FRIEND.
 This bosom friend, deny it if you can,
 Displays her love by hatred to the man;
 Unless herself procures; then each snare
 Is spread t' entrance the virtue of the fair;
 She puffs her pretty thing with rapt'rous voice,
 And damns the freedom of a better choice.
 From such, ye parents, guard the filial breast;
 They all are W—f—ds*, and with frauds possess'd;
 W—f—ds, whose smile's insinuating ray
 Throws the coy maiden in the lover's way,
 Directs th' unwilling hand the lines to suit
 To dying striplings, hurrying to recruit;
 Who boast, that lap-dogs can insure a heart,
 And break the trust, repos'd thro' OTHERS' art.

* The name of an obscure woman; not a well-known enthusiast among the Methodists.

When riots in the house alarm the play'r,
 Pity the softer sex should venture there :
 Can swords and blood the female soul delight ?
 Or the torn bench give transport to the fight ?
 Hail, patriot-heroines, whose o'er-ruling call
 May still insure a Chinese Festival ;
 May at a frown bid Garrick's humbler tide
 To deep Fitz——k's eloquence subside.

What calm amusements female hours beguile
 Some future sale will tell us with a smile ;
 The lots dispos'd,—in parcell'd order come
 The dancing-habit, race-horse, pipe, and drum ;
 Perhaps to dazzle beaux they'll lift the shield,
 When warrior-Joans head Britain to the field.

In summer, what a load the lightest vest !
 And yet their only comfort's—to be dress'd,
 Ask to what use the hoop's extended pride,
 When courtly thousands press on ev'ry side ;
 When jostled here, and there, before, behind,
 She turns to all, as vanes before the wind :
 In other scenes she'd faint without support ;—
 There can be nothing, but must please at court.
 Th' unfriendly weight (thank Heav'n !) salutes the day,
 By mode doom'd only for the court or play.

Their

Their baneful gall when cold suspicions shed,
 How swell the sorrows of the marriage-bed !
 Yet art's kind succor checks the husband's flame,
 The fair with sighs deceitful clears her shame :
 She brands the children that from him were born,
 Then rolls the torrent with inverted scorn ;
 Nay threatens, in her fame's defence, to prove
 Where her good cenfor fought forbidden love :
 Grief stops her voice ; the tears, incessant flood,
 Flow down her cheek in melancholy mood ;
 Tears, faithful vassals to the female skill—
 They boast, that they can laugh or weep at will,
 You, fondling Damon, with th' absolving kifs
 Convicted press the object of your blifs :
 Go to her papers ; there the proofs you'll find.—
 Go, bless the banquets to an easy mind.

Whence spring these evils, dreadful to behold ?
 Serener quiet cheer'd our sons of old :
 Then smil'd each partner with his faithful wife,
 And honest labor sanctified their life ;
 Inur'd by practice to the paths of right,
 No wars alarm them, and no foes affright.
 But now let war or peace their influence shed,
 With hydra-fury lux'ry rears her head :
 Avenger of the world the demon flies,
 And troops of evils frown before our eyes.

Since

Since to French arts we've op'd the willing door,
Like France our thoughts are high, our purses poor.

Each crime repel then to its native plain :
To Holland knav'ry, insolence to Spain ;
Let eunuch-softness to Italia pass ;
Give France her trinkets ; Germany her glass :
Ne'er, ne'er be England made from English hearts
A paltry magazine of foreign arts.

So fondly females fly at pleasure's call,
They ev'n adore that sing-song fair Vauxhall :
That soil enchanted, where all orders meet ;
The gay to laugh, the citizen to eat,
And quaff his port ; while thro' his lordship's vein
Steals that deluder of the heart Champagne.
The mob a mind prepar'd for riot bring ;
No need to raise it by an *Indian King*.

In vain the husbands, when their consorts roam,
The friends assemble to amuse at home ;
Those very friends, unless 'tis term'd a rout,
Grow sick of chit-chat, and ALL ramble out.
ALL, high or low, the fond affection bear ;
The landau gaping, or the one-horse chair,
Full as the coach-and-six the genius suit ;
Ev'n some, like Methodists, will trudge on foot.

The

The flaunting widow, tho' from nothing sprung,
 At cards and playhouse triumphs, like the young ;
 With Maid of Honor grac'd she shines display'd,
 Each part of dress in fittest order laid.
 Tho' rich in gold, she wisely sinks her plate,
 Because she will not bear a tax of state :
 Salts, kettle, knives, and sideboard, fly away,
 All but the spoons, and those escape the PAY.
 The Jacobite, politically poor,
 Now greets the gay assembly to her door ;
 She weighs their merit from imparted mirth,
 And crowns with vanities the want of birth.
 The time may come when, like the ruder sex,
 Well she may fear lest poverty perplex ;
 May know, too fondly if her wealth she use,
 Purfes re-fill not, like the scriptur'd cruife.
 Check then thy whims, lest fickle fortune turn,
 And leave thee George-street, and thyself to mourn.

If music fires her, the delighted fair
 Will rummage Oswald's with fantastic care ;
 And while great Handel's in the corner plac'd,
 Purchase Arne's fripperies to shew her taste ;
 Or, if she still more modishly would die,
 A set of Glasses will from Schuman buy.

The Bride with treasures flush'd, of manners rare,
 Th' Italian fosters with indulgent care :

When

When shines the treat, 'tis with her fav'rite grac'd,
 At cards or table with the greatest plac'd.
 Talk you of skill, taste, music, 'tis in vain,
 She only listens to Giardini's strain.
 Easy her lord; and restiff when her son,
 She cries, " My concerts, if you like not; shun."
 Then bids some maiden of her set advance,
 And, lo! the fidler standing up to dance:
 Nay more—the rustics with this friend to greet,
 She kindly takes him to her country-seat.
 Such folly's whims, and such the wealthy please:—
 Joy to the victims of fantastic ease!

Are play'rs the theme? the fair resigns her heart
 To Barry; Barry plays the lover's part:
 Garrick in such must surely give offence,
 Too small a thing for parts of consequence.
 Are politics the talk? from day to day
 Thrud the dull jingle of the dullest play.
 But touch not there; unknowing how to yield
 She guides the council, and commands the field:
 Points the slow schemes of France, the German rout—
 Intrigues of all sorts she at will finds out.

By foes surrounded in the dreadful strife
 She kindly shudders for poor Frederic's life:
 (While the world's gossip sneers her wonder move,
 That such an Hero is not form'd for love)

Displays

Displays each secret wheel that turns the court,
 Improving passport to each wild report.
 Such at the frown of hostile France can lead
 The desolating stream o'er Holland's mead;
 Can laugh at Spaniards threat'ning Lisbon's coast;
 Then hint how easy Newfoundland was lost.

But mark, where pride bids harmony to cease,
 And, when her own is broke, breaks others' peace:
 Where, foil'd the floor, or dishes ill-display'd,
 She'll flounce, and hurl her slipper at the maid.
 With accents foul her husband's name she brands,
 And leaves the servant in the surgeon's hands.
 If some dissembled pain demand her care,
 She's restless 'till she breathes the Tunbridge-air;
 There bathes; and boasting of her want of wits,
 The conjurer seeks, who throws her into fits.
 Mean while the guests, invited by her lord,
 Sharp-set from Justice meet an empty board:
 SHE by herself from whim inur'd to dine,
 Crowns ev'ry mouthful with a sup of wine;
 Then cyder's streams, when cholics torture, roll;
 Last Ceres' windy draughts surcharge her soul.
 Ere this, at noon (so modish pass her days)
 A cup of chocolate her stomach stays.
 No wonder now, success attends her pains,
 And vex'd with sickness, she at length complains:

When

When lo! from side to side her careful friends
 Strong cordials fetch; she drinks, and somewhat mends..
 Hail, bridegroom! happy in thy choice of life,
 Whose fondness truckles to so sweet a wife!
 (Prim council, smirking with extended chin,
 Soft honey all without, but gall within;
 Whose chatter'd phrases unimpassion'd move,
 And a tame prattler of self-int'rest prove)—
 Yet, such, such only is to meanness due,
 Whose rancor spatters worth he never knew.

Peace to the maid, who sounds with rapt'rous tongue
 The midnight strains of meditative Young,
 Yet fondly poring with a full delight,
 Hangs o'er the ravings of th' Arabian Night.
 Yield, authors, critics, yield; with awful ear
 Bow the rich beauties of her thoughts to hear;
 Still unresisted swell the echoing sound,
 Whose loud alarum never needs be wound.
 Resign, oh, man! the tube's exploring cares;
 'Tis hers to regulate the moon and stars.
 Proud ethics' sons, to her superior light
 Resign the deep research of good and right.
 Resign, ye bards, Parnassus' flow'ry seat,
 An height reach'd only by her daring feet.

In peace, ye pow'rs, may Thyrsis' moments glide,
 Free from the clamors of a learned bride,

Who

Who throws around her fyllogistic rage,
Or deals worn anecdotes from hist'ry's page;
For ever rambling with impatient tongue,
All knowledge she, and never in the wrong.

But chief the folly, when her strains impart
Th' affected pageant of each term of art:
Each sentence strain'd with aptest words to fit,
She boasts to emulate the fire of Pitt.
With explanation does still more perplex;
Then weeps the wretched ign'rance of her sex.
Her lord's sad solecisms her rage pursues,
Her own from friendship ready to excuse;
Of dress to others she resigns the care,
Who will, th' inhospitable load may bear:
She views the trifles with a pitying sight,
For such alone inferior minds delight.

But lo! each morning, with encrusted grace,
The crack'd enamel stands upon her face,
Abhorrent of the lip, whose eager kiss
Shrinks from the cold, unanimated bliss.
When, smiling in the circle of her friends,
Each dear-bought lux'ry on her nod attends;
Then her warm cheek with softest purple glows,
Wak'd into life each charm redoubled shews.
Seeks she the country; handed by her maid,
This artificial health's to view display'd;

Ev'n

Ev'n for the city she must this produce,
For paint, like friends, grows needful from its use.

What then this pasted, birdlim'd being name,
This thing for ever chang'd, yet still the same ?
Her face at best but a mercurial wall,
Whose looks betray a moving hospital.

Faithful improver of his lordship's storms,
Lo ! the deep frown my lady's face deforms ;
First of her cast-offs Abigail she cheats,
Which haste indignant to the next she meets ;
She fumes, she roars, and when fatigu'd a nod
Commands her gentleman to lift the rod ;
Next vaults into her chair ; the doubled weight
Doubles the chairmen's misery, and hate ;
Then home returning, with her patch and paint
She smiles upon her guests, a perfect faint ;
Turns o'er the richest silks with curious eye,
Silks, which tho' sent for, she ne'er means to buy.
Counts all her husband's faults, which strait he hears,
No need of conscience thund'ring in his ears.

Thrice happy Spaniards, whose imperious sway
Will make the proudest of the sex obey !
Bless'd, in whose mansions if the female seek
To add fresh lustre to her dress, or cheek,

G

When

When to the play her friends expectant call,
 To heavy whiff, or more enliven'd ball;
 Tho' rough her dress, her charms unvary'd roam ;—
 Perhaps the nod commands her stay at home.
 Not hers to fret, with giddy rage betray'd,
 Or, when her clothes fit ill, alarm the maid :
 “ Not she in fault,” the don unruly cries,
 “ Your glass will tell you where the error lies.”

Not hers the licence to another's care
 To leave the nice decorum of the hair ;
 No mutt'ring aunt, whose shrivel'd hand displays
 The ill-bred industry of ancient days ;
 (Some maid with mellow'd charms of threescore years,
 Who in the trappings of nineteen appears)
 Dares recommend her with intruding tongue
 The vaulted modes, which rul'd when she was young ;
 Modes, which corrected virgins in their prime
 Took from herself to suit them to the time.
 Such was the Tow'r, whose formidable glare
 Like a huge pharos stood sublime in air ;
 A structure for a season doom'd to stand,
 Tho' built by fashion on a moving sand.
 You'd swear, so very tall the looks before,
 'Twas some vast giant from th' Italian shore ;
 See her behind, and with diminish'd grace
 She sinks a sister of the pigmy race ;

Less

Less than his little lordship to the view,
Not, like him, lifted on a high-heel'd shoe;

From large expences, negligence, and strife,
Most find a wretched neighbor in a wife,
The wife in this alone; her hate extends
To plague himself, his servants, and his friends.
View her account-book, which donations boasts
To tricking conjurers, methodists, and ghosts;
Where W—t—ld shines supreme among her friends,
Prince of extortion, father of the fiends;
Behind, usurpers of religion's vest,
A ranting crew of brothers stands confess'd;
Drums, trumpets sink before the noisy pack,
Who learn from him the founding-board to crack*.
These rob you at a stroke of heav'nly grace,
Unless your mite you in the mouse-trap place;
To frenzy firing with fanatic zeal
Your very garment from your back they steal;
Then swearing, you may sin secure of harm,
Give you the cloak of faith to keep you warm.

Now wading thro' the vault's nocturnal gloom
The countess seeks diversion from the tomb;
There, at each step, with doubts and fears o'erspread,
For a poor childish ghost disturbs the dead;

* See Mr. Hogarth's expressive print of credulity, fanaticism, and superstition.

She gropes, and summons Fanny in the dark,
Fanny, that gilded play-thing to the clerk.

Now to the conj'rer's : At his dread command
At once she's whirl'd into a foreign land ;
She quaffs the Nile, the Danube, or the Tweed,
That bathes the kingdoms, which the conj'rer breed :
His art on whiten'd walls her Sires will shew,
Feeding their sheep scarce thirty years ago.
He stamps his magic foot, and awful nods :
She hears the voice of angels and of gods.
How justly vaunts he his superior ray,
Who spreads o'er Heav'n and earth his sov'reign sway !
Whom male and female court, and youth and age,
Theme fit for Hogarth's smile, or Brown's fantastic rage ;
The blund'ring struggles of whose motley wit
Himself professes not compos'd, but WRIT.

This pastime over, farther to amuse
Approach the fawning fortune-telling Jews ;
From place to place these out-cast Hebrews roam,
And steal from frauds a comfortable home ;
Wisely, as Warburton, of Moses write,
And vaunt, like him, from Heav'n a clearer light.
Rewards, but less than Whitfield's, crown their schemes,
Tho' both alike retailing empty dreams.

Behold him pointing to the simp'ring fair
Her swain, the dying father to the heir ;

Such,

Such, like the Indian, with the greatest ease
Can fix the vital period as they please,
Sure as the conj'rer can of three make five,
Or headless chickens can restore alive ;
With eating ribbons, gold, nay fire, surprize,
And make to art a convert of the eyes.

Undoubted conquest, when the crew relate
How long a minister shall rule a state ;
Theirs the deep secrets of the pow'rs above ;
The statesman smiling in his sov'reign's love
No longer triumphs, than by him upheld,
But sinks, like patriots whom his arts expell'd ;
There Holles' life, in loyal bustle spun,
Beams virtue's splendors from a setting sun :
Say then, ye prophets, say, when wars shall cease,
And England smile in honorable peace.

Joy to the happy trade, whose daring tale
Survives the stocks, the whipping-post, and jail ;
For fortune's smiles, some pensioners confess,
Not always conj'rer-politicians bless ;
Thus vainly KINDRED mathematics shew,
(The truth, O scientific Cambridge ! know)
Unless the storm and shipwreck they can boast,
When searching for the Bridge * the foreign coast.

From

* There is a proposition in Euclid distinguished by the name of the
" Pons Asinorum," which the young philosopher must pass before he can

From such the gaping son's impatient breath
 Pants for the period of his mother's death ;
 To fix his uncle's fate the Wager tries,
 Sure to gain something, if he lives or dies.
 The flutt'ring maidens, anxious for their swains,
 Ask o'er their love what awful planet reigns ;
 When the fond stars will shed their genial light,
 The nuptial stars, which happy souls unite.

Nor more to union suited is the wife,
 Who from the weather-glass conducts her life ;
 Who hugs the sister-changeling to her breast,
 From ills, her fancy prophecies, unblest'd.
 No need for health the faculty to bribe,
 Unerring Almanacs the path prescribe ;
 Ne'er with her husband seen ; the reason's known ;
 Her author tells her to go out alone ;
 This she retracts, her carriage at the door,
 Because a cat has cross'd her on the floor ;
 Now 'gainst her neighbor dreads some fatal stroke,
 Because pies chatter, or a glass is broke.
 When sick her stomach, or inflam'd her eye,
 One stated hour must remedies apply ;

aspire to the hopes of becoming a profound mathematician. The more experienced students have in their turn a Bridge, which it may be feared no one will ever be able to pass ; viz. The longitude.

If

If low her station, for a trivial gain
 Some wand'ring Gipsy will her fate explain;
 Rul'd by the proffer'd fee, whose mighty skill
 With good exalts her, or dejects with ill.

Mean while the wealthy, from the mode of town,
 The city seek for conjurers of renown;
 (That busy foil, with richest sense replete,
 Where all from wealth are conjurers whom you meet)
 Who boast no deeper meaning by their tricks,
 Than court-divines who talk of politics.
 The buxom housemaid, tripping thro' the streets,
 At some church-porch the muttering grandame meets;
 SHE opes her hand, and points her future life,
 When John the butler's, or the coachman's wife;
 "No fortune's frown shall quash the nuptial joy,
 "She'll crown thy wishes with a blooming boy."
 Then bids her for a moon her health beware,
 Nor rush like some, untimely to the air.
 So flows the nonsense; and to crown the whole
 She issues Powders for a wand'ring soul.
 Say, giddy wretch, can witchcraft's cheats impart
 Recover'd fondness to a husband's heart?
 But go,—too soon with fondling arts beguil'd,
 Go,—of the parent rob the tender child;

Go, rob thyself ; and then convicted read,
How oft to death alone the med'cines lead *.

Lo ! the poor foundling of some wealthy maid
Smiles in the fost'ring hospital display'd ;
The priest, as prophet of his future fame,
Gives it a peer's, perhaps the father's name.
Hail, happy shoots ! by Heav'n's indulgent care
Refrin'd to charity's serener air ;
Let giddy worldlings, of unfeeling breast,
Brand her mild influence with a pointless jest,
By her to worth, religion, valor grown,
Some lords might wish the offspring for their own.

See Russia's fiend, at priesthood's mad control,
Shakes in the hero's garb her emp'ror's soul :
One hand the dagger, one the paper bears,
To force him headlong from the kingdom's cares.
And why?—" His soul too narrow for a crown,
" He sinks a bigot to a king's renown †."
Sound reason this the poison'd drug t' infuse,
Then spread a timely cholic in the news !

* The original thought is here varied ; the reason, on comparison, is obvious. In the imitation a subject is treated, which, however trivial it may at first sight appear, has been too often rendered serious from its consequences.

† King of Prussia. The strongest plea that has been urged for the savage action.

And

And is it thus religion greets the fight?
Thus leaps insatiate o'er the bounds of right?
While thirsty priests, inhuman in their will,
Like women-thieves from dastard spirits kill.

Seek you the murd'rer of a private name?
Mark unrelenting Blandy's savage flame;
That flame which sinks her father to the grave,
Whom nature could but for a season save:
Far baser she, who 'gainst a nation's fire
Could animate a mob's rebellious fire.
But say, did jealous hatred urge the blow?—
His only offspring perih'd long ago;
Or glow'd thy soul impatient, on the throne
To rear some prince, some bastard of thy own?
How vain the caution with a sparing lip
The proffer'd treasures of the feast to sip!
Flown is each friend; the tyrant's hands afford
No saving Taster to a captive's board.

'Tis true, the Russian's unrelenting rage
May found a novel to a future age;
The muse on fancy's aid may seem to call,
Just as the frothy jargon of Fingal;
Whom dotards father on the Galic strain,
Tho' the meer rattle of Macpherson's brain.

Repent-

Repentment's guilt (thank Heav'n!) we only view
In meaner mortals, and th' examples few;
These stragling shew in indolence's book *
Or the bruise'd housemaid, or the mangled cook.

Let India's wives exert their savage skill;
Our polish'd females teize us to their will.
No wonder then Medea's threadbare dream
Again finds matter for the tragic theme.

Sunk lie, O man! in wealth's intemp'rate love,
The softer sex more mild affections prove;
A transient frown tho' sometimes we behold,
Too great the pains to be a downright scold.
Chairs, dishes, glasses, in confusion hurl'd,
The cares and tempests of a bustling world,
Were made for man; they suit the Vandal's taste;
The fair fret only when a cap's ill-plac'd.

Yet some there are, who coldly prim from school,
Void of all reason, choose to err by rule;
Die o'er the hist'ry where the husband's life
Is the sole comfort of a fondling wife;
Then hug some fav'rite lap-dog, and with sighs,
" Oh! how can Lucia live when Fiddy dies."

* The news.

Those desp'rate heroines, whom our school-boys se
 For want of better, in the musty Greek ;
 Who when their wishes have obtain'd a man
 Get free again as early as they can,
 Our fair abhor ; a diff'rent path they choose,
 Studios to gain a husband, not to lose.
 Thrice happy they, whose husbands to insure
 The news for each disease prescribe a cure ;
 Thrice happy, England, in thy favor'd fate,
 Where quacks the subject prop, and Brown the state.

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LETTER

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THE
SEVENTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

WHERE lives the patron of the tuneful nine,
Cheer'd by whose smile the rays of genius shine?
Scarce one, alas! can forrowing learning boast;
The name of patron in the vain is lost.

Nor wonder insult's servil pamphlets spread,
Just scribbled over for the author's bread;
No wonder dullness taints the hungry stain,
While hawkers cry the labors of the brain:
'Tis yours, ye rich, to aid the gen'rous toil,
For learning thrives not on a barren soil.

Tune

Tune forth, my bard, yet think not to behold
 The great man's favor, or the proffer'd gold ;
 Far other arts your empty chest must fill,—
 Turn player, money-jobber,—what you will ;
 A steward wealthy from entrusted store,
 The house, the manor buy, thy lord's before.
 Important Fop, to prove it be thy doom,
 (Not on militias) in an auction-room ;
 To plate, goods, linen, draw surrounding looks,
 O'er pictures die, and cut dull jests on books ;
 While round thee mean ill-manner'd natures shed
 Dishonest sneers of scandal on the dead.
 Full to the times each strain of falshood fit ;
 On worth rewarded show'r thy wanton wit ;
 To sooth encroaching Spain, and humbler Gaul,
 Ev'n Pitt a traitor to his country call ;
 Last, by mock-worship crown your virtues' list,
 And do rich penance in a—methodist.

Sunk are the souls, whose bounty could restrain
 The sacred virgins to Britannia's plain ;
 From these no more the tuneful sweets they shed,
 No more the laurel rears its blooming head ;
 Tho' free-born Churchill wake the gen'rous fire,
 True taste alone is patron of his lyre ;
 While Northern syllabubs regale the great,
 Fingal—the literary feast of state.

Still

Still from the world your flimsy labors hide,
Nor friendship urge ye to an author's pride ;
Tear, tear the offspring of an idle hour,
Let chests conceal them, and let moths devour.
Alike in vain your self-lov'd numbers sing
A bustling minister, and fighting king ;
In vain serener thoughts your strains employ,
Unshaken friendship, or domestic joy ;
Still may ye write, still fix'd your wretched doom
To live sequester'd in a garret's gloom ;
While, tho' each coxcomb boasts your pictur'd face,
The author finds not at his board a place.

There are, 'tis true, who streams of praises grant,
But grudge one piece, tho' conscious of your want.
The strain delights them (so complete their taste)
When with the trappings of the binder grac'd :
(As on my lord the fondling spaniels gloat
Each virtue center'd in th' embroider'd coat)
Thus trifling on, ye tune the softer lays,
And idly spend the vigor of your days,
The days best suited to severer care,
To ocean's labors, and the storms of war ;
Last, crush'd by age, in poverty ye pine,
And sighing curse the unavailing nine.

Yet fir'd by wealth, your steps with fond resort
For grandeur leave your own Apollo's court ;

To such ye pour the incense of the line,
Which calls a booby sage, a wretch divine.
Or should grim priesthood swell the daring thought,
How glows the page with sacred wisdom fraught!
Let Pope and Shakespear point HIS judgment's care,
Tho' flung by Edwards from the critic's chair;
While NEW-COIN'D truth his lab'ring genius fits,
The great colossus o'er the race of wits;
Whose streams of Learning deign'd anon to school
Intemp'rate Wesley, self-convicted fool!

Thus Ford by flatt'ry rais'd, distinguish'd name!
With notes fantastic courts th' applause of fame.
Each crouded box the sons of lux'ry grace,
Nought there conspicuous, but a noble's face.
From these th' unskilful peals of praise resound,
But few, few critics deck the-gall'ry's round.
A sober tribe, who friends to solid sense,
Were ne'er sufficient for the night's expence,
She starts, she shrieks, the ranks so thinly plac'd,
And wonders at her country's want of taste.

Yes, genius droops; the world with fond regard
For half-form'd libels quit the sacred bard;
While worthless priesthood, with unhallow'd hands,
(So fashion, man's delusive fiend, commands)
The hireling echo of some slave of state,
Spits motley slander on the truly great.

Far

Far hence be such ; the poet's ample vein,
 Whose soaring fancy pours th' immortal strain ;
 Wrap'd in whose page the full-blown graces roll,
 Catch the warm bosom, and enflame the soul,
 Springs boldly forth thro' wit's untrodden ways,
 Nor vulgar dross deforms his sterling lays.
 'Tis his a stranger to intruding care,
 No ills to torture, and no frowns to scare,
 In calm contentment's peaceful vale to roam,
 Ease his attendant, and each shade his home:
 Mute else the lyre, no verdant laurels grow,
 Chill'd by the blast of poverty and woe.

Encircling pleasures Prior's page improve,
 And add fresh beauties to the sweets of love ;
 For Henry's vows, and Emma's heav'nly smile,
 He quits the pangs of ministerial toil ;
 The muse, controlling like the charming fair,
 Calls from each other thought the bosom's care.

See highly seated in the realms of fame
 Great Milton shines ; whose strains with glowing flame
 Fair order's smile o'er chaos' waste display,
 And pour on ancient night the beams of day ;
 Paint the fell fiends from heav'nly transports hurl'd,
 And sin first frowning o'er a new-born world ;
 Oh ! had religion crown'd thy gen'rous plan,
 And what adorn'd the poet grac'd the man ;

H

Had'st

Had'st thou not servil rear'd rebellion's rod,
 Deluded pensioner of Cromwell's nod,
 How wert thou blest'd ! but now with pitying eyes
 We view the author, while the work we prize.
 Yes, we despise the man whose tragic rage
 Crowns with all Athens' stores an English stage ;
 Tunes warm'd to ire, and soften'd into sport
 A madden'd Sampson, and a joyous court.

See Wilmot, fav'rite of a careless reign,
 To love and rapture gives th' immodest strain.
 For him fair friendship boasts no winning charms,
 Each thought resigning in a harlot's arms ;
 Gay scenes of lux'ry rule his soften'd sense,
 The dupe of folly, riot, and expence.
 Sleep on, degen'rate, wrap'd in midnight gloom,
 But know, disgrace still waits thee in the tomb :
 An erring Dryden claims our conscious sighs,
 But Wilmot's crimes hang frowning to the eyes.

Inspir'd by Dryden's animated page,
 What crowding numbers seek the prosp'ring stage !
 With peals of joy they plead the poet's cause,
 And shake the gall'ries with their loud applause.
 Yet scarce from works the needy bard could live,
 Thro' which the pamper'd play'rs triumphant thrive.
 Thus nobly form'd each heav'nly theme to fit,
 He sunk to stews his prostituted wit ;

While

While varying glows the particolor'd page,
 With truth's bright stores, and irreligion's rage :
 View, view, ye bards, nor flatter slaves of state,
 No treasures blest ye from the rich and great ;
 No merit from the soil of grandeur springs,
 Which flatt'ry plants with ribbons and with strings.

Envy begone, nor read with jealous looks
 The tuneful labors of the poet's books ;
 Tho' Lansdowne once with sweetest smile could shine,
 Fav'rite alike, and patron of the nine ;
 With gallant jest tho' Stanhope's lively wit
 To polish'd courts the satire's sting could fit ;
 To needy genius tend the proffer'd gold,
 Yet Lansdowne's dead, and Chesterfield is old :
 Both cent'ring now in one distinguish'd name,
 Resign to Lyttelton the post of fame.

From such ere while the bard with ardent soul
 Bad in full nerve the sacred numbers roll ;
 Th' historian fir'd with learning's ceaseless rage
 In midnight-studies plann'd the labor'd page ;
 Sheets urg'd on sheets in goodly mountains rise,
 And feast with ancient stores th' admiring eyes.
 But now no patrons ope the gates of fame,
 Lux'ry has long repress'd the gen'rous flame ;
 All spurn the raptures of the rhyming throng,
 Saunt'ers the bards, and numbers but a song ;

And hist'ry's charms in living lustre bloom
But from the pens of Robertson and Hume.

Survey the troops which fill the wrangling bar,
What written labors form the golden war !
Whence springs th' unruly heat, th' unpolish'd cry,
To face down truth, and varnish out a lye ?
Or, deck'd with innocence's softest smile,
Each word, each look displays a friendly toil ?
Whence?—but that clients with an anxious fire
Gaze on each look, and ev'ry word inspire.
While worn-out warriors in a mournful list
Scarce on their country's scanty pay subsist,
The infants' cry, the murmurs of th' oppress'd,
Of injur'd freedom, and of worth distress'd,
Sigh forth to these ; to these exhale the strain,
Tho' pride and dullness rule the judge's brain.
Go then, thou shatter'd victor of the cause,
Go, boast the justice of thy country's laws ;
The costs defray ; then, voice of truth, proclaim,
Thou art in nought the conq'ror, but the name.

What solid hopes the pleader's ardor move,
Let Scotia's quick-discerning offspring prove ;
Of old the flow'ry Tully of the bar,
Now high-exalted in the gilded car :
The haughty tyrant, as he moves along,
Looks down imperious on the abject throng,

As

As form'd by nature of too mean a clay
 To share with him the splendors of the day.
 Yet some unknowing of the voice of praise
 No pains can profit, and no labors raise ;
 Still doom'd to talk, still fated to be curs'd
 In the low state where fortune plac'd them first.
 While Mutius swelling with applause and gain
 Sees num'rous vassals form his crowded train.
 Yet not the vestment's pride, the title's glow
 The plenteous acres, and the villa's shew,
 From conscious scorn th' uplifted heart defend,
 Whose actions frown unworthy of a friend.

The lavish people, with a fond regard,
 Show'r on the sons of law the great reward ;
 Yet ere they proffer, fashion guides the breast—
 To judge the wealthiest pleader for the best ;
 To fix your worth, and stamp the full-blown pride,
 Ye lawyers, like physicians, first must ride.
 The formal pageant of a senseless prig
 Confirms the virtues of a rev'rend wig ;
 O'er needy eloquence while insults spread ;
 The poor in pocket are alike in head.

Go, rather baffle 'mid the cannons' roar,
 Fly to the loud alarms of India's shore :
 There, great opposer of the troops of Gaul,
 There bravely conquer, or as bravely fall ;

Thus, like undaunted Wolfe, thy gen'rous toils
Shall meet the full reward,—in England's smiles.

Survey the realms of learning's sacred seat,
And mark the manners of the fam'd retreat:
The stripling, fir'd the secret springs to know
Whence mystic nature's various causes flow,
(Where the dull foe of genius brightest shines
Thro' the stern midnight of pedantic lines)
With rage redoubled fills the studious plan,
And drops the child to emulate the man.
Say, should he toil with unavailing will,
Curs'd with a plodding tutor's busy skill,
Glares not instruction with the want of wit?
When diff'rent themes the scholar best would fit.

Go, lively youth, with happier ardor pour
The polish'd declamation's classic show'r ;
Point out the patriot's toil, the hero's scar,
The shouting squadrons, and tumultuous war :
Friend to thy genius, an enraptur'd fire
Will praise the labors, and reward the fire.
With sons of learning wage the vig'rous strife,
'Twill shed kind influence on thy future life ;
'Twill bid thy cheek with doubled fury glow,
'Mid the full senate to confront a foe ;
From virtue's breast to ward oppression's dart,
And blast each purport of the guilty heart ;

Such

Such manly rage the rich return will yield,
Adorn the bar, or consecrate the field.

How small the backward fire's expence and joy,
To form the manners of the tender boy !
Coop'd up the victim of some pedant fool,
He's stamp'd a booby—at the cheapest school.
Mean while the prancing steeds in aukward state
Sport with gay trappings at HIS crouded gate ;
Superior neatness points the vassal's care,
Because a wealthy knave would take the air.
Rear'd by his giddy nod the columns rise,
Which seem to look defiance to the skies ;
Within each lux'ry, glorious to behold,
Beams forth of painting, marble, and of gold ;
Treats which would feed a Quin's infatiate smell,
No English cook could POISON half so well.
Thus shines his childrens' foe, th' unworthy's friend,
Who grudges only where he most should spend.

But whence does Clodio crown'd with treasures glow,
(Such happy lot th' inferior rarely know)
Cheer'd with the splendors of preferment's hour,
And fam'd at once for wisdom, birth, and pow'r ?
Fix'd to his own, tho' deaf to Britain's good,
Each change of court this ductil merc'ry stood ;
Now glutt'd av'rice checks the slumb'ring tongue,
Resigning rules and motions to the young.

The genial star, which crowns the natal day,
 Displays o'er future scenes its sacred ray ;
 Thus from the humbler subject's rustic fate
 Was Cromwell lifted to the throne of state :
 And oft the vulgar grandeur's tools are made,
 Who sprang from parents of mechanic trade.
 True noble HE who spurns corruption's hour,
 And mocks the storms of ministerial pow'r ;
 That pow'r which speaks (bold satire !) to his face,
 " Go rev'rence wealth and virtue in his grace."
 Th' undaunted Patriot, fan'd by gen'rous fires,
 Repeats his vig'rous counsel, and RETIRES.

Lie, sacred grandfires, wrap'd in peaceful rest ;
 Thou, gentle earth, sink lightly on their breast ;
 Each breathing sweetness show'r its charms around,
 And spring eternal deck the hallow'd ground ;
 You bad the stripling glow with wisdom's fire,
 And the pure teacher stamp the gen'rous fire.
 Not yours the voice to trill the soften'd song,
 Or shed the nonsense of a witless tongue ;
 Fair wisdom's strains still warbled in your ear,
 Strains which our modish sons would laugh to hear ;
 Would spurn th' instructor's lore at pleasure's call,
 And swear his knowledge of the world was small.

What taunts of dullness damp the teacher's breast,
 His learning hated, and himself a jest !

The

The liv'ry'd minions catch th' inhuman strain ;
 Ev'n my young MASTER lisps with parrot vein.
 Yield, chaplain, yield, the rude derision bear,
 At best thou upper-servant to a peer ;
 Expectant still, when clos'd the scene of strife,
 Of 'some small Living for tny eve of life
 For this inspir'd by learning's hireling rage
 Thou keep'st long vigils o'er the sacred page ;
 Ploughing with anxious toil a stubborn plain
 To suit pure reason to a booby's brain ;
 For this still poring 'mid th' incumbent gloom,
 The lifeless lamp just winking o'er the room,
 While Locke frowns black with many a soiling spot,
 And Clarke's foul'd margin labors with the blot.

Ye friends of learning's venerable cause,
 Display to youth the salutary laws ;
 Bid them sagacious glean from hist'ry's page
 The moral dictates of each distant age.
 Let others seek, on trifling themes intent,
 A cit's huge line, or RECENT peer's descent ;
 Let others skill'd in fashion's follies shew
 The jewel'd matron, or the whisp'ring beau ;
 Or, fir'd by heraldry's fantastic charms,
 Point out each brother blockhead—by his Arms.
 Be yours to fix with truth's persuasive art
 In honor's nobler paths the stripling's heart.

Youth,

Youth, soft as wax, with virtue's stamp impress'd,
 Still keeps the picture imag'd on its breast ;
 The polish'd gay may form with softer grace
 The pictur'd landscape, and the virgin's face ;
 Be yours the prize to loftier scenes resign'd,—
 Their skill the taste improve, but yours the mind.

T H E

THE
EIGHTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

YES, yes—the charms of grandeur all are vain;—
The board rich-smoking, and the hireling train,
The gilded car, the canopy of state,
Are but the shining trifles of the great;
Unless to close the specious scene we find
Fair honor's seal full-stamp'd upon the mind.

What means the gallery's spacious length to shew
Paternal faces in resplendent row;
What means the time worn, venerable bust,
Or statue clouded with religious rust,
Which full to view the valued grin disclose,
A broken shoulder, or a shatter'd nose?

What

What boots, that grandeur's voice triumphant cry

“ Lo! here the father of my family ;

“ And here my grandfire, that distinguish'd lord,

“ By nations honor'd, and by kings ador'd ?”

When after all the boast we view within

The dupe of folly, and the slave of sin.

Say, if the warrior, whose undaunted force

Is call'd to quash the foe's impetuous course,

If he, enchain'd by ev'ry modish vice,

With flippant finger shake the founding dice ;

And waste in play those moments of the night,

Of old he spent amid the toils of fight ;

Alas! how sinks he 'mongst the great enrol'd,

Whose worth is title, and whose virtue gold ?

Is there who dares not ev'n his finger bare,

Should Zephyr wave a ruder breath of air ;

Who steps, close cover'd from the solar ray,

Lest his fair face should suffer by the day ?

Is there, in whose degen'rate soul we trace

No deed but serves to vilify his race ;

Who, basely cloak'd in friendship's fair disguise,

Show's o'er his neighbor scandal's blackest lies?—

From grandeur's list the foul pretender blot ;

Be his the coward's and the villain's lot.

Shew

Shew me the man, whose conscience truly just
 Beams uncorrupt in honor's sacred trust;
 Nor tow'ring on the privilege of birth,
 Whose words are goodness, and whose deeds are worth;
 Him grandeur's darling son my soul can spy
 Thro' the deep gloom of unknown ancestry;
 Yes—I survey him; hail, distinguish'd great!
 To thee fair virtue gives the chair of state;
 To thee the general and the statesman yield,
 The chief alike in council and the field;
 Surrounding thousands conscious joy display,
 And shouts triumphant lead thee in thy way.
 Ye slaves of title, grandeur's bastard race,
 Here reverence honor—and give virtue place;
 Low bow, and stamp this truth upon your breast,
 That “grandeur is but worth with splendor dress'd.”

As well some giant might the voice of mirth
 Call poorest pigmy of the sons of earth;
 As well o'er beauty might a Paris yield
 To some crook'd dwarf the triumph of the field;
 As blacken'd o'er with spotted crimes proclaim
 An empty title in the roll of fame.
 Go then, thou fool, th' unwieldy groveling swine
 Match with the courser of distinguish'd line;
 Go, while he rolls bemir'd with filth and mud,
 Call him the king, the lion of the wood;

Then

Then say, that grandeur shining thro' the star
Is virtue's splendor blazing from afar ;
Virtue, which else would unlamented lie,
To live dishonor'd, and in desarts dye.—

But lo! enrag'd exclaims some slave of state,
WHOSE actions claim this picture of the great?
Whose, but thine own?—the strokes, Lorenzo, see,
Confess the likeness, it was made for thee.
Why rais'd aloft on Grandeur's blazing tow'r,
Why gasps thy bosom in the beams of pow'r?
When not one virtue decks thy tainted mind,
To mark thee from the refuse of mankind.
Beside—thy birth what ENVY'D honors grace?
Cast but an eye, vain upstart, on thy race;
See! to what dregs thou ow'st thy vaunted life,
Sprung from some sailor's trull, or soldier's wife.
Hence, hence the boasts of venerable birth;
Whom call'st thou, tyrant, nothings of the earth?
Know, those to infamy thy scorn wou'd thrust,
Who dare to tell their lineage, and be just;
Whose actions deck the parents whence they sprung;
Be gone—and check the licence of thy tongue.

Th' inferior poor distinguish'd virtues raise,
And break the clouds of birth with dazzling blaze,
There are, who bulwarks of the nation's laws,
Defend an upstart blockhead's sinking cause;

Thrid

[III]

Thrid ev'ry quirk, unravel ev'ry knot,
 Nor breathe like thee, to die and be forgot.
 Behold the * Chief, o'er distant seas who flew
 To still the tumults of a boist'rous crew,
 And rushing fearless of the war's alarms,
 Bad Gallia dread the thunder of the arms;
 (Deeds o'er the world whose blazing splendors shone,
 But ill requited by the faithless throne :)
 Such, such are they—(O blush with conscious shame!)
 Who, climbing high each steep of glory, claim
 The post of grandeur, and the wreath of fame. }

Come then, fantastic wretch, thy bosom cloy
 With all the dainties of luxurious joy;
 Fill high the treasures of the foaming bowl,
 And satiate all the wishes of thy soul;
 Drown ev'ry sense, nor give thine eye to see,
 What others are, and what thyself should'st be.

Turn, haughty grandeur, turn thee to the course;
 There view the triumphs of the gen'rous horse;
 Whose feet victorious, rivals of the wind,
 Press on the goal, and leave the foe behind;
 Mark but his print the foremost of the dust,
 Then own to fame his title—to be just.
 Not from victorious fires his worth he claims,
 Or the long lineage of a thousand names;

* Q. Anne's Duke of Marlborough,

(The heraldry of Peers outvying far,
 Insur'd to life by Heber's calendar)
 Not others' toil superior pride bestows,
 'Tis to himself alone the prize he owes.
 Not so the steed, whose slow-pac'd steps disgrace
 The well-fought conquests of his ancient race;
 'Tis his in dark oblivion's gloom to mourn
 Contempt of courfers, and the master's scorn;
 Of slavish toil the meanest post to fill,
 To drag a plough-share, or to turn a mill.
 Thus should thy soul triumphant glories claim
 From the mere splendors of a father's name,
 Know, 'tis intrinsic worth the man displays,
 His vices censure, as his virtues praise.

Away; no more in borrow'd lustre shine;
 Nor trust the elm's embrace, thou feeble vine;
 The strong-built structure mocks the tempest's course,
 Supported by the pillar's pond'rous force:
 Wrest but the prop, the building totters round,
 And with a waste of ruin spreads the ground.

Dare be thyself; in genuine beauties dress'd
 Let virtue sway the empire of thy breast;
 Nor let corruption's lure thy thoughts control
 To speak the thing, which shocks an honest soul.
 Full in thy face tho' inquisitions frown'd,
 While ev'ry scene of torture rag'd around;

Or

Or some religious bigot, mad with zeal,
 Low'r'd a stern smile, and jesting shew'd the wheel;
 Deaf to his threats with heart undaunted stand,
 And firm to virtue spurn the dread command;
 Nor sell a bliss secure of fortune's pow'r
 For the vain blessings of a dubious hour.

For know, tho' plenty decks his smiling board
 With all the charms of fortune's treasures stor'd;
 Tho' circl'd round with ev'ry pomp of state,
 Attendant vassals pour into his gate;
 Yet grandeur's fav'rite like the poor must go,
 Where sinks ambition to disgrace and woe.

But thou, whose wishes at preferment's shrine
 Bid the rich flames of choicest incense shine,
 At length should fortune for her darling gain
 Some glorious embassy to France or Spain;
 Let not corruption's views thy bosom guide,
 No gilded joys of vanity or pride;
 With fervent voice thy country's praise proclaim,
 Dwell on the triumphs of her deathless fame;
 When captive Britons mourn, unjustly press'd,
 Let vengeance thunder from thy gen'rous breast;
 Go; rush with conscious anger to their cell;
 Unbind their fetters, and their cares dispel;
 In vain by frowns restrain'd, by threats withstood—
 Correct the guilty, and reward the good.

Ne'er rouse with haughty scorn a nation's hate,
 But think of Villars—near the throne of state;
 The menial vassal of a fickle Lord
 Each breathing gale show'r'd treasures on his board;
 Crown'd with the triumph of his prince's love,
 Ev'n those who hated dar'd not to reprove:
 While mighty arbiter of peace and war
 He rul'd the doom of kingdoms from afar.
 Thus smil'd his soul in grandeur's careless range,
 But fate will fail us, and a monarch change;
 Behold him now, sad spectacle of pow'r,
 He sinks despondent in misfortune's hour;
 Behold him shudd'ring with a guilty fear,
 No hand to raise him, and no friend to cheer,
 Hate ev'n himself, and curse the fatal day,
 When first he trod ambition's steepy way.

Say, did THAT ghastly agonizing face
 Bask in the sunshine of a monarch's grace?
 That heart, which scarce can heave, depress'd with woe,
 E'er beat with transport, or with grandeur glow?
 Where droop the hands, whose eager grasp of old
 Toil'd over mountains of repeated gold?
 Where sinks the smile that crown'd his dazzling state,
 E'er fortune quash'd him with his sovereign's hate!
 This grandeur's lot, when free'd from ev'ry care
 She smiles serene in glory's Zephyr-air;

Ere

Ere long to view the raging tempest rise,
And blast the splendors of her milder skies.

Thine now no more the hour unknown to woe,
Doom'd to the rapine of the statesman-foe ;
Thine own no more the gilded palace stands,
Its charms fly transient to another's hands ;
The field, the park, the steed, thou must resign,
Yon single EWE no longer to be thine ;
Hence, hence—begone, the statesman cries with scorn,
'Tis mine to triumph, but 'tis thine to mourn :—
Quit then the stage, no PRISONER of pow'r ;
And hug the blessings of retirement's hour.

Chief, grandeur, chief, the dang'rous rock avoid,
The rock, which oft thy vassals has destroy'd ;
Ne'er swell'd inebriate with preferment's reign,
Stop kind attention to thy country's pain ;
Curs'd be the wretch, whose haughty steps have flown
Oppression's steepy heights to mount a throne ;
Whose soul, rapacious of th' increasing store,
Disdains the sorrows of the starving poor ;
Take, take, insatiate fiend, their ALL away,
Grasp the rich prize, and hug the sparkling prey ;
But know, when bold despair awakes their eyes,
Offended courage will to vengeance rise ;
Arms still are theirs ; their arms inflame their ire,
While foes in transport rouse the raging fire ;

Arms, arms are theirs; they pour the tempest round,
 Rush to the throne, and strike thee to the ground.
 Attend—the muse no vain alarms displays;
 'Tis truth that dictates, and inspires the lays.

If thou, the pillar of religious worth,
 Befriend'st the man of honour, not of birth;
 If bless'd with sacred sanctity of life,
 The duteous children, and the tender wife;
 Or if true patriots of undaunted zeal,
 Thou liv'st a votary to thy country's weal;
 No gaping courtiers cringing round thy door,
 For ever open to the good, and poor;
 Then, then alone, I'll call thee truly great,
 And pour the richest incense at thy gate.
 Yes, take each title that inspires thy mind,
 Thou claim'st thy due, thou Titus of mankind;
 Heroes and patriots shall thy lineage grace,
 Ev'n monarchs selves shall crown thy mighty race.

But if thy hands, in slaughter's streams imbru'd,
 Incessant riot in a loose of blood;
 If, proudly trampling on another's rights,
 Ambition fires thee, or if lust incites;
 If still thou revell'st in th' oppressive joys,
 Till the arm wearies, and the bosom cloy;
 Curse on thy birth,—no traces I descry,
 But of a haughty murd'rer rear'd on high;

Insulted

Insulted lineage stares thee in the face,
Thy nation's monster, and thy friend's disgrace.

And know, ye tow'ring vassals of the state,
Th' offence increases as the offender's great ;
Each smallest speck officious tongues display,
And tear ye naked to the face of day.

Ah ! what avails the title's borrow'd glow,
What all the scenes of pageanty and shew !
Ah ! what avails that honor's lifts proclaim
A grandfire's virtues to the heights of fame !
If in the son's degenerate deeds we find
A base corruption taints the servile mind ;
Or if a coward soul his fears display,
Where the triumphant father won the day ?

At once the lustre of his line to stain,
Indignant St. John pour'd his impious strain ;
Deaf to each dictate of religion's laws,
He tow'rs in blasphemy's detested cause ;
And trampling full o'er virtue's sacred bounds,
Scoffs at fair honor, and on reason frowns ;
'Tis true, that death the slanderer's eyes had seal'd
E'er the fell serpent's to the world reveal'd ;
Opposing conscience veil'd the deist's fire,
Which worthless frenzy could alone admire.

But now the raging pest, display'd to sight,
Treads with presumptuous step the realms of light,
With dauntless fury flames th' invet'rate line,
The foe alike of layman and divine ;
Still swells the tempest with a stern disdain,
As truth were feeble and resistance vain.

Now arm'd with all the insolence of ire,
Grovels the page in scandal's blackest mire ;
And opes with doubled frenzy ev'ry sluice,
That stops the stream of satire and abuse ;
But—varying now each feature of the breast,
He treads the paths of humor and of jest ;
Whose treach'rous smiles each virtuous note would still,
Were but his genius desp'rate as his will.

But hark ; attend the injur'd voice of state ;
“ Why Cenfor swell the vices of the great ?
“ Where lives the man, in whose distinguish'd mind
“ No lurking principle of ill we find ?”

There are, 'tis true, whom virtue's stricter muse
Their faults might pardon, and ev'n sins excuse :
Not so the wretch whose head-long strains display
An hell-born fury in the face of day ;
When such the venom, such the madden'd vein,
What son of virtue can from wrath refrain ?

Behold

Behold the king * with joy-devoted soul !
 Loll at his ease, and sip the chearful bowl ;
 Lull'd in the silken dream of careless joy,
 No dangers fire him, and no pleasures cloy ;
 When lo ! the Gaul, with unresisted course,
 Sneers at the vengeance of the British force :
 War, war, Britannia roars with furious zeal,
 To arms, to arms, exclaims the public weal :
 In vain—the king reclines secure of care,
 Clasp'd in the soft embraces of the fair.
 What tho' the injur'd kingdom rouse to arms,
 Serene he listens to the war's alarms ;
 Surveys from far the tumults of the shore,
 And careless slumbers, while the cannons roar.

His gaudy court no gen'rous deeds improve,
 The feat of beauty, and the throne of love ;
 Severer thoughts the busy sceptre quit,
 And leave the reins to vanity and wit.
 Nor formal doubts control the courtier's breast,
 All, as their king, with freedom ply the jest ;
 Spurn'd are the nation's cries, the soldiers' toils ;
 What courtier sorrows when a monarch smiles !

But say, should fortune's hostile frown afford
 Some thoughtless Charles for vassal to thy board,

* Charles II.

Would'st thou not doom th' unworthy slave in scorn
 To toil in gallies, or in jails to mourn?
 Believe me, vice become not robes of state,
 But frowns less dreadful in the poor than great;
 The slave I view with less impatient eyes
 Than Charles, regardless of a kingdom's cries.

Unhappy king! behold him press'd with want,
 What most his soul detests constrain'd to grant;
 No more, as flush'd with plenty's smiling hour,
 Hug the sweet sounds of arbitrary pow'r;
 No more in harlots' laps his wealth to spill,
 But use subservient to a nation's will:
 And well—(such deeds their raging souls provoke)—
 This other Charles they call'd not to the block.

Not but the soul disdains the courtiers' crimes,
 Slaves of ambition, vassals to the times;
 Yes, they enflame the muse's fiercest fire,
 Who dare live heedless of their country's ire;
 With face strong-guarded to the blush of shame,
 What virtue hates to hear they joy to name;
 Mad with the rage of pleasure they resort,
 The mimics, play'rs, and libertines of court;
 In joys inglorious ev'ry sweet they rove,
 And give their giddy souls to mirth and love.
 What tho' devoted to a sov'reign's rule
 They trod the flow'ry paths of folly's school;

Spurn'd

Spurn'd what he hated, lov'd what he admir'd,
 Thought as he thought, and spoke as he inspir'd;
 Far other cares a statesman's soul should guide,
 Not the mean soothing of a monarch's pride.

Now grandeur frolics with more gen'rous rage,
 And spreads rich lustre on a graceful age;
 Let Spain, enraptur'd at the well-known feast,
 With daring arm confront the madden'd beast;
 Th' attractive Bruiser fires with nobler charms,
 Expert in ill he whirls his brawny arms;
 His friend perhaps confronts the fatal blow,
 His friend, for others' madness doom'd a foe.
 Still glows the scene, till mangled in the strife,
 One hero gives the day, and oft his life.
 Veil, veil the savage show, ye titled race,
 Nor more the Briton and the Man disgrace;
 Lest mimics of the sword's politer skill,
 These vagrants deem it honor's task to kill.

Tell me, ye gen'rous, whose unspotted soul
 Dares what it thinks to speak without control,
 Say, does not Cranmer richest glories claim
 (Cranmer, the martyr to religion's fame)
 While Mary, Sin's detested queen, is scorn'd,
 Tho' deck'd with sceptres, and with crowns adorn'd?
 Oh, that the rage of injur'd Heav'n had shed
 Each fiercest torment on that impious head!

Low

Low from th' offended seat of empire thrown,
To pine in darkness, and in dungeons groan !
A wretch whose soul no scenes of horror shake,
The rack thy laughter, and thy jest the stake.

Far diff'rent thoughts the virgin-queen employ,
Not thus the slave of ev'ry brutal joy ;
Firm devotee to virtue, and to right,
No terrors daunt her, and no threats affright.
Not hers the hands which stain religion's flood
With savage slaughter, and a waste of blood ;
Not hers the heart to gen'rous deeds unknown,
Which leaps in rapture at the good man's groan.

Come then, thou tyrant of distinguish'd birth,
Strike up each note of harmony and mirth ;
Rouse in a peal of joy each blithsome sound,
Bedeck'd with splendors, and with chaplets crown'd ;
Come satiate, if thou canst, thy glorying eyes,
And swell with transport while the martyr dies.

What crimes inhuman Caledonia blot,
Tho' sons of grandeur crown the mighty plot !
See how they swell, all-frantic in their ire,
To pour rebellion, and the state to fire !
See the fell bigots of enthusiast zeal,
They rush insatiate 'gainst the public weal,

To

To deeds which none but savage breasts would own,
 No tears can expiate, and no pangs atone.
 At length his sword resenting William draws,
 Th' undaunted champion of his England's cause ;
 Still facing danger with a manly smile,
 Till the full conquest crowns his gen'rous toil.
 Such, such the deeds which glory's soul enflame,
 And spread on Cesar's cheek the blush of shame ;
 Deeds which a kingdom's joys from tyrants save,
 Not gall the subject, and the state enslave.

All-hail ! to thee each gen'rous bosom falls,
 Thee, William, savior of thy country calls ;
 To thee would honor richest incense shed,
 Tho' from the cottage born, or desert bred.

'Twas thus that Edward, with a fond delight,
 Rush'd to the field, and trod the paths of fight :
 Not his from toil his dauntless breast to close,
 Bold 'mid the thunder of surrounding foes ;
 Foremost the soldiers' courage he inspir'd,
 And knew no danger where his country fir'd.

Immortal Cressy, Edward's worth proclaim,
 Sound forth his glories, and enlarge his fame ;
 Thou too, Poitiers, the champion's deeds display,
 And swell the terrors of thy fatal day ;

When, the triumphant victor of the war,
Imperial captives grac'd his mighty car.

Nor these alone fair grandeur's glories spread,
Lo ! other heroes rear their laurel'd head ;
I see in radiance to my dazzled eyes
The mighty shades of conqu'ring Henries rise ;
Who virtue's vot'ries crown'd with triumph glow
Their country's pride, and terror of the foe.
With princely worth the Royal Youth * had shewn,
Tho' thousand Wills had driv'n him from the throne ;
Had fate but spar'd thee in the bloom of youth,
That arm, the pillar of religious truth,
Had bid the realm on virtue's pinions soar,
And clos'd with rig'rous force oppression's door ;
Alike religion's and his country's shield,
Pride of the council, glory of the field.
No Bonner, monster of the Popish cause,
With haughty stride had trampled o'er the laws ;
No pope presumptuous at a queen's command
Had hurl'd destruction o'er the bleeding land ;
Quash'd by the frenzy of the sons of pride,
Nor truth had suffer'd, nor had Cranmer dy'd.

Who pants for battle at his country's call,
Who quells the Spaniard, and controls the Gaul,

* Edward VI.

Whose gen'rous life conspicuous glories grace,
 His honor's post—I care not for his race;
 Him chief of fav'rites grandeur's voice will own,
 And spurn a Cromwell seated on a throne.
 On him be show'r'd the titles of the great,
 Not thee who loll'st in lux'ry's lifeless state;
 A wretch, who lost to ev'ry spark of fame,
 Spring'ft from oblivion, and usurp'ft a name;
 Perhaps some Wolsey (damn'd to base renown)
 Fly'ft from the slaughter-house to seize a crown.

THE

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THE
NINTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

FRIEND.

WHY droops thy soul with conscious grief oppress'd?
Why starts the tear, and heaves the pensive breast?

Demure thou stalk'st in melancholy fate,
Like some discarded minister of state;
Not Heath—e's self, whose solemn footsteps range,
Proud to be fam'd the wealthiest of the Change,
So mourn'd, when not a dupe enrich'd the day,
And not one spendthrift-stripling was his prey.

Thy

Thy sneers of old wit's fallies could excite
 'Gainst the rude tossing of a new-made knight;
 Could dwell admiring on the charms which yields
 To RURAL cits the prospect of Moorfields.
 Now plung'd in thought, and fix'd in deep despair,
 Fix'd as in gloomy mathematic care;
 No more, alas! can friendship's fondness spy
 Health in thy cheek, and laughter in thine eye;
 No more the well-trim'd tresses' polish'd grace,
 But a dead sorrow, furrows o'er thy face.
 Yet vain the salt'ring footsteps' borrow'd art,
 The glowing fever's agonizing smart;
 Friendship, alas! the true disease can find,
 The lurking pangs of a despondent mind.

Can streams roll backward from their ancient source,
 Or o'er the mountain bend their wayward course?
 No—and shall man in varying circles range,
 The son of reason, yet the slave of change?
 Ere-while you shone at mirth's enchanting call,
 The grace, the glory of the glitt'ring ball;
 Tho' deck'd with Strobe the dance, the piercing dart
 Glanc'd from your eyes to ev'ry virgin's heart.

F L O R I O.

When youth's high blood ran rev'ling in my vein,
 I glow'd the chief ('tis true) of pleasure's train;

The

The jovial vot'ry of each gay delight,
 The day I frolic'd, and I lov'd the night :
 But glutted now, the dear-bought joys I mourn
 Of wretches lately whom I fed the scorn ;
 Wretches, with grace tho' others' aid they use,
 Their own, which once they proffer'd, who refuse.
 In vain to well-known boards my steps I bend,
 Doom'd to no treat, and welcome to no friend ;
 My purse rich-founding in my hour of sin
 Scarce feels a solitary piece within ;
 The lov'd associates of my happier day,
 Loathing a beggar'd brother, slink away.
 Of old, they cry, the merriest sons of earth,
 We ranfack'd ev'ry clime for joy and mirth ;
 Flush'd with the rapt'rous sweets of riot shone,
 Nor envy'd monarchs glitt'ring on the throne ;
 But now how droop'st thou, Florio ? doom'd no more
 To drain the bowl, and ply the midnight roar ;
 Still fix'd in woe thy moments to employ ;—
 No son of poverty's the son of joy.

Are these the souls, who link'd in friendship's chain,
 Brothers in bliss, and partners of my reign,
 Shar'd EV'N my ALL, when prosp'rous moments blest'd ;
 To whom I op'd each secret of my breast ?
 What fiends to spurn with looks of angry hate,
 Who first reduc'd me to this hapless state !

K

Eternal

Eternal truth they vow'd—I blest'd the hour,
 And cherish'd friends, who meant but to devour,
 Those yellow treasures of the mountain's brow
 (Once Florio's wealth, alas! another's now)
 The fragrant meads, the gurgling river's fall,
 To these how often welcom'd, and to all!
 For them alone I liv'd—for them my board
 Lavish I spread—for them unlock'd my hoard;
 Yes, they were welcome, tho' my wealth's amount
 The fiends of change had labor'd to recount;
 For them the voice ungrateful I despis'd,
 Which safety's fane thro' virtue's path advis'd.

F R I E N D.

Say, why exhaust the wealth which crown'd thy birth
 On careless faunt'ers, on the drones of earth?
 As fondly fir'd to piety and knowledge,
 Sir Jacob left his all to build a college.
 Presumptuous souls to ask—'tis true you plead
 That youth and friendship led you to the deed.

F L O R I O.

Yes, friendship blinded, and unthinking youth
 O'erpow'r'd the voice of reason and of truth.
 This friend's distress'd, I must supply his want;
 Another deep in debt—relief I grant.

Not

Not like the cautious ant I kept my store,
 Ere sadden'd winter's frown besieg'd my door ;
 But now it low'rs ; my purse exhausted fails,
 Almost the silver for my Christmas vails :
 What can be done ? afflicted Florio give
 Th' advice he oft has slighted to receive.

F R I E N D .

Just is thy grief ; and will the monsters shew
 No kind regard, no pity to thy woe ?

F L O R I O .

Away, they cry, thou destitute of pelf,
 Others there are as thoughtless as thyself ;
 Yes, there are those (ye poor men turn aside)
 Thoughtless as Florio, and with wealth beside.
 These frolic flutt'ers, insolently gay,
 Who spin thro' life, and fritter time away,
 To worth distress'd can sharpest pangs impart,
 And those who shar'd the bosom sting the heart.
 So lumpish S—l—n, with scarce common sense,
 The headpiece stupifies to steal the pence ;
 (Standing like dullness' self demurely prim)
 As surgeons numb you ere they lop the limb.

F R I E N D.

Alas ! my injur'd friend, no kind disguise
 Can screen thy riches from the harpy's eyes ;
 Flutt'ring in gaiety, elate with health,
 The steeds, the car proclaim the man of wealth ;
 The menial train, the column-structur'd dome
 Bespeak no present poverty at home.
 Yet shut the windows, close the rigid door,
 Seem to the world the poorest of the poor ;
 Stop ev'ry chink, nor eye, nor list'ning ear,
 Pore on thy secrets, or thy whispers hear ;
 Vain is the care ; what circling tongues conceal,
 Ev'n walls themselves will speak, and bolts reveal :
 To prying man the conscious truth impart,
 And flatt'ring crowds will bellow what thou art.

Fir'd by th' alluring train, at once you need
 A letter'd treasure, tho' you scarce can read ;
 French cooks besiege the gate with cringing view,
 Which but before the simplest diet knew.
 A coxcomb now complete you strut about,
 And join the polish'd world's fantastic rout ;
 Scoff'd by the peer, whose lisping modes you prize,
 While ev'n the wretches whom you feed despise.

When

When to the great, my Florio, you resort,
The friend invites you only for his sport;
Drink is the word; you quaff with thoughtless breast,
Till the gorg'd drunkard crowns the wanton jest.
Thus Florio falls; to ev'ry friend they meet
They roar your folly, and proclaim the feat;
With warmer strains their transports they reveal
Than priestly knaves, whose hypocritic zeal
Seeks the fond rabble's ign'rant souls to move,
Then fly with rapture to their feasts of love.

Dare be thyself—at once thy conduct save
From the pert noble, and the perter slave;
Thus may you spurn the prattling, scoffing fool,
Curs'd with a tongue, without a head to rule.
What souls from such would feel th'insulting sneer,
From whom they've nought to hope, and nought to fear!
Favor'd by Heav'n, I can enjoy my board,
Nor heed the pamper'd slave, or giddy lord;
Can see dependant peers with pitying view,
And keep that counsel I impart to you.

F L O R I O.

Alas! 'twere well; were mine that gen'rous boast,
Could I retrieve those moments I have lost,
Florio were blest'd!—I'll seize the circling time,
And crush in age the follies of my prime.

Thou time, like fortune, constant but in change,
 Thou flutt'ring pow'r, delighting still to range,
 In giddy course whose careless pinions spring,
 A moving zephyr, ever on the wing;
 Giv'st momentary peace, and fleeting strife,
 Nor heed'st the farce and lottery of life.
 Mark! while the bowl displays its jovial round,
 The glowing front while rosy wreaths surround,
 While flush'd with love, time hastens to destroy
 The feast of rapture, and o'erwhelm our joy.

Grant me, kind Heav'n! to whose indulgent pow'r
 I oft have shed the pray'r's devoted show'r,
 Grant me to live my little being's span,
 To bless the world, and know myself a man;
 Far, far remove disease's painful rage,
 That surest ensign of protracted age.
 Let others brooding o'er their chests behold
 Unnumber'd silver, and exhaustless gold;
 Whose high-pil'd store, tho' ravish'd with the prize,
 Would pall the grim exciseman's greedy eyes.
 I ask no gilded car's unwieldy weight,
 Which forms an aukward mayor's uncomely state;
 Whose shallow parts but fix the price of bread,
 And ill-penn'd periods to the sov'reign shed.

Yet—one, one humble lux'ry I desire,
 That the warm'd muse may catch congenial fire;

I ask

I ask some learned bust, whose rev'rend looks
 May smile a sanction to my circling books ;
 Then, but how fond the wish ! thy pow'ful frown,
 Whose blast can sink a monarch to a clown,
 Thy frown may well the lov'd request deny,
 For now my humblest wish aspires too high :
 Aspires ! (yet Heav'n indulge the bounded flame)—
 Deaf to ambition's song, be mine an honest fame.

1841

My dear friend,
I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am
well and hope this letter will find you
the same. I have been thinking of you
very much lately and hope to hear from
you soon. I am, my dear friend,
Yours truly,
J. W. F.

1841

1841

1841

THE
TENTH SATIRE
IMITATED,

FAR from the rising to the setting day
Let reason dart her intellectual ray;
How few, tho' panting with a keen delight,
Tread with triumphant zeal the paths of right!
Full o'er the heart the clouds of error rise,
And passion's phantoms swim before our eyes;
Vain hopes, or vainer terrors seize the soul,
Tho' wisdom's lamp would light us to the goal,
Turn to ambition, lo! destruction spreads
From darling counsels on the statesmens' heads;
Self-murd'ring erudition damns the gown,
And death hangs low'ring o'er a chief's renown.

Ye sons of eloquence, attentive sit,
 Fir'd by the torrent of undaunted Pitt ;
 Then view that torrent crush'd by Scottish hate,
 View it, and truckle to a slave of state.
 Severer horrors blast the miser's rest ;
 The famish'd harpy hov'ring o'er the chest
 For gilded mountains barter fame and health,
 And proudly boasts the world a slave to wealth.

At this dread season, when at B—e's command
 Thick crowds of Northerns blacken all the land ;
 When nobles, exil'd to their rural seat,
 Shine in the milder splendors of retreat ;
 What ruling passion fires the gaping race ?—
 Nought woos the patriot, but the vacant place.
 Else still in fordid poverty at home
 Still the proud courtier o'er his wilds might roam ;
 Still might the bonnet, as of late unknown
 Disgrace Plebeians, not besiege the th—e.
 But now, triumphant o'er Culloden's day,
 It darts its horrors to the solar ray ;
 Crouch'd to the mighty Baal England see,
 And to the want she gilded, bend her knee.

Impatient ALL for wealth, for honors cry,
 For these we pour the pray'r, we heave the sigh ;
 Each the low slave of grandeur, and of pelf,
 Damns ev'ry neighbor greater than himself.

Yet

Yet poison blasts not in the lowly cot,
 Such horrors only are ambition's lot ;
 Unknown to me, it shakes th' exalted soul,
 Glows in his feast, and mingles with his bowl.

Fir'd at the schemes of state, one English sage
 Laughs at the northern dotage of the age ;
 Quick taunts of humor aid the gen'ral cry,
 While others only answer with a sigh ;
 The laughter's easy ; but what sorrow fills
 The mighty measure of a kingdom's ills !

Arise, oh ! genius, and my bosom lift
 To the full spirit of a freeborn Swift ;
 The friend of nature, and the soul of whim,
 Fools, knaves, or statesmen, all the same to him.
 Oh ! had he seen, to feed his streaming hate,
 A northern Galba soaring on the st—e !
 Seen the triumphant Jehu scour the land,
 Grac'd with rich trappings from preferment's hand ;
 Seen the bright star's, the pompous title's ray,
 Each gewgaw op'ning to the face of day !
 Still swell'd, and pamper'd with redoubled store,
 Till peace, peace only could procure him more :—
 In that the high-tax'd B—f—d gives him ease ;
 B—f—d our alien statesman born to please.

But

But lo ! his grace's costly train advance,
 Wafted triumphant to the realms of France ;
 Encircling minions form his splendid boast,
 And shatter'd Gallia hails him to her coast ;
 Proceed, ye tribes, such scenes a R—y suit,
 Whom place and pension make a slave to B—.

Yes, daring Swift, inspire the glowing strain ;
 Let crowded follies feed th' eternal vein ;
 Th' indignant streams o'er upstart grandeur roll,
 Where art's, not wisdom's, dictates fill the soul ;
 Yes ! still unaw'd the mighty vulgar scare,
 Nor wooe the fruits of Caledonian air.
 As flam'd of old thy satire's boundless song
 To point a C—t—t to th' indignant throng.

The smiles of folly, and the stings of pride,
 The giddy soul to fatal wishes guide ;
 See panting grandeur all her snares impart,
 (Th' eternal banquet to an envious heart)
 This hour the nation's love, the next her hate,
 Sunk are her titles, wither'd all her state ;
 Lamenting only for themselves her doom,
 Walk forth the statues of the levee-room ;
 Statues, till now for ever rooted there,
 Seek the kind influence of a warmer air :
 Th' incessant curse the victim's steps attends,
 And the storm thunders on his guiltless friends.

Now—the lov'd idol of the kingdom see,
 Scourg'd by vile hands, or burnt in effigy;
 Torn from each house behold the fav'rite face
 To the next upstart fool resigns its place;
 That face accustom'd next its prince to shine,
 Daub'd for a cot, or plaister'd for a sign.

Ye sons of pow'r (such themes your genius fit)
 Blast the retirement of the patriot P— :
 Say, that his soul with thirst of slaughter glows;
 That gold and peerage lead him by the nose;
 Unfit for bus'ness from eternal gout,
 Say, you ne'er lov'd him, and rejoice he's out.

Whence, ruthless censor, streams the rude disgrace?
 What crime? what guilt? proclaim it to his face.
 'Twas this: He nobly scorn'd that Britain's reign
 Should fall a victim to the frauds of Spain.
 Ask of the statesmen, who pursu'd his plan,
 Ask of the people, for they know the man;
 These cannot listen to the c—tly call,
 They know; they love him better from his fall:
 And still, for George to sooth the nation's groan,
 Their vows had kept this statesman near the throne.
 Inspir'd by these behold th' attractive show'r
 Rolls to the Favorite from the soul of pow'r,
 The soul thrice happy in domestic peace;—
 Oh, may the genial transports never cease!

But

But ah ! what demon fans the rising fire !
 The best, the greatest of the realm retire ;
 Disgusted patriots swell the public jar,
 Chiefs of the council, heroes of the war.
 Stand fast, O Galba ! and sustain the blow,
 Wrap'd in thy circling votaries spurn the foe ;
 Rivet ambition on the base of gain,
 Proof to the tumults of the murm'ring train ;
 And deem the clamors, which thy pow'r disown,
 Sprung from the frenzy of the mob alone.
 But say, reflection, would thy awful nod
 Swell with the glories of this earthly god ;
 Thy kinsmen fill each office of the state,
 While sword, law, gospel, at thy levee wait ?
 From thee shall England's treasures issue forth,
 To glut the desarts of the darling North ?
 Yes—thou would'st feed with tales a fondling k—g ;
 Yes—thou would'st hold the nation in a string ;
 Ambition, av'rice, pride, thy bosom fill,
 Charms which o'erpow'r the fascinated will :—
 Yet, yet the summit of thy wishes gain ;
 The joy's ideal only, fix'd the pain.

Ah ! rather vaunting from inferior parts,
 Ply in the city's gloom mechanic arts :
 Thy drudging soul for sneaking knav'ry known,
 Let pamper'd dullness mark thee for her own.

Ye slaves of state, whose steps inebriate roam,
Flush'd with the splendors of ambition's dome;
Too soon ye mourn destruction's fatal sound,
And the huge structure thund'ring to the ground;
Sink from the tow'ring height, and crush'd below,
Curse your wild frenzy in the depths of woe.

Whence wither'd droops a W—lp—le's fully'd fame?
Who rous'd or check'd at will the patriot's flame;
With parts from nature's genuine bounty great,
Thro' frauds he courted, and maintain'd his state;
Till ferreted from pow'r, in quiet laid,
He purchas'd safety in the title's shade.
How rarely vet'rans from the storms of strife
Unfully'd walk into the vale of life!

Flush'd by a P—lt—ey's strain the parent calls
The sprightly youth to academic walls;
The solemn tutor, with an aukward grace,
Steel'd to the native dullness of the place,
In Euclid's labyrinth damps th' aspiring rage,
Flounder'd in science's mechanic page.
Yet wiser HE—ambition choak'd the flame,
And title clips the wings of P—lt—ey's fame.
Holles' superior splendors feast his eyes,
Whose broken notes lift Granta to the skies:
"Tho' well at court your loyalty is known,
"I vow I must commend it to the throne."

Yet

Yet vainly, Granta, flow these artless strains,
 When thirsty B—e flies panting to the reins;
 Vainly or wit or dullness shield his grace,
 B—e cares not for his speeches, but his place.

Ev'n HE sits driv'ling o'er life's ling'ring end,
 He whom auspicious virtue stamp'd her friend;
 Whose dauntless torrent on corruption roll'd,
 And pour'd the venom o'er the slaves of gold;
 Warm from the city's smiles, this truly great
 This honor'd father * flew to shield the state;
 Suspends each humbler care from traffic sprung,
 And freedom's dictates animate his tongue.

Ye sons of war, triumphant from your toils,
 Flush'd with rich trophies, and adorn'd with spoils,
 For whom sack'd kingdoms pour the captive train,
 Lords of the field, and sov'reigns of the main,
 How glows the conquest flaming to your eyes!
 Swells in the soul, and lifts you to the skies.
 For this undaunted at the scene of wars
 Ye laugh at fear, and glory in your scars;
 O'er Greece, o'er Rome your country's splendors raise,
 So boils this ardor of immortal praise!
 Immortal praise, which fascinates the mind,
 While virtue unregarded lags behind.

* Sir John Barnard.

Ev'n some, push'd onward by fermenting blood,
 Have crush'd each barrier of their country's good ;
 Ambition's fiends, like ruthless Cromwell, own
 No solid joy that smiles beneath a throne.
 But think'st thou, Tyrant, that the vaunting bust,
 The lying marble, consecrates thy dust ?
 Lac'd with inscription, and fring'd round with shew,
 While hist'ry damns the wretch who sleeps below.

See Prussian might o'er hosts combin'd prevail,
 And poise each splendid deed in reason's scale ;
 That king, the terror of Germania's plains,
 No conquest fatiates, and no foe contains ;
 In vain protected by the maze of art,
 Saxonia feels the arrow in her heart ;
 In vain encumber'd with her thousand hands,
 Russia huge elephant of battle stands ;
 Nor art nor nature checks his headlong sway,
 Nor batt'ries damp his fire, nor ramparts stay :
 O'er flaming Prague the thund'ring engines roll,
 Bohemia shudders thro' her inmost soul.
 " Yet still (he cries) th'insatiate blaze shall shine,
 " Till the full conquest call Silesia mine ;
 " Till false Vienna Prussia's wrongs requite,
 " And streams of slaughter waft me to my right."

Still this avenging thunderbolt of war
 Destruction scatters from ambition's car ;

L

Fam'd

Fam'd as in conquest, manly in retreat,
 Bold from his errors, dreadful in defeat ;
 No flight inglorious stamps degen'rate fears,
 No base concession, and no dastard tears.
 Tho' boundless av'rice kindles Sweden's arms,
 And Austria thunders to the dire alarms ;
 On Poland's realm imperial lightnings fall,
 And ruin low'rs on Berlin's fav'rite wall :
 With rage recruited Fred'ric's arms advance,
 Thy day, great Rosbach, lives the curse of France ;
 The fierce enthusiasm * fan'd by sov'reign breath
 Eggs on the warriors, and enflames to death.

With thirst insatiate rolls ambition's mind,
 Enrag'd to conquest, and in camps confin'd ;
 Still coop'd and fetter'd in imprison'd state,
 The world itself's too bounded for his hate.
 Again to battle headstrong Austria calls ;
 Daun with a sigh retires, and Breslau falls.
 But say, what period checks the warrior's cares ?
 Their fatal goal's the death he greatly dares :
 There lodg'd, no more ambition's spirits roam,
 A shroud her treasure, and the earth her home.

Nor deem romantic fancy cheats your eyes,
 When toils on toils the mighty soul defies ;

* King of Prussia's spirited speech before the battle of Rosbach.

Squadrons whose thirst collected streams can drain,
 Whose hunger desolate th' extended plain ;
 Squadrons who more demand the poet's care,
 Than bloated Henry's wire-drawn by Voltaire.

See Swedish madness pour o'er Russia's coast,
 Bound in the chains of adamant frost ;
 He combats sea and air at glory's founts,
 Spurns the wide ramparts, and o'erleaps the mounds ;
 Himself a mighty host, he gives the nod,
 United millions tremble to the rod.
 But mark, misfortunes crush the wild desire ;
 See the fell comet setting worlds on fire,
 Who proudly deems an hero's soul design'd
 The scourge, and not the blessing of mankind ;
 See him, whose fury had deform'd the shore
 With hills of corse, and with seas of gore,
 Fall'n in inglorious strife ambition's prey,
 To a mean random arm resign the day.

O ye ! still panting for increase of care,
 Who pour for length of days th' eternal pray'r,
 Pause o'er the wretched hospital of age,
 Where mis'ries heap'd on mis'ries feast their rage ;
 Where sinks the manly feature's healthful glow,
 Nor scarce humanity's remains can shew ;
 Absorb'd in furrows, blasted ev'ry grace,
 More coarse, more baleful than a Northern face,

When the rude cub the fondling parent greets,
 And warm ideas promise England's sweets.
 In varying youth we different charms admire,
 Th' attractive form, or more attractive fire ;
 Age droops for ever hateful, still the same,
 The shiv'ring voice, lank jaw, and palsy'd frame ;
 Not of a body, but a corse possess'd ;
 The nose—let decency conceal the rest.
 A meer excrescence he usurps the light,
 Him wife and children view with aching sight ;
 A curse to all, a torment to himself,—
 Stand to your task, ye fycophants of pelf.

In vain the goblet's purple treasures roll,
 Each sweet of lux'ry palls upon the soul ;
 In vain the stage extends her magic charms,
 No mirth allures him, and no woe disarms ;
 Trumpet nor drum his deaden'd sense can hear,
 But thro' the friendly trumpet at his ear :
 Yet—leave these pastimes to the living train,
 Nor shew with want of ears thy want of brain.
 Languidly creeping life's dull channels know
 No wak'ning ardor, but the fever's glow ;
 The rest an ague all, whose tremor fills,
 And stamps the mighty magazine of ills ;
 Ills o'er the dregs of life whose horrors sit,
 In crowds unnumber'd as the friends of PITT,

As priests expectant who besieg'd his grace,
 Now flown by nature to the next in place ;
 Or structures rear'd by pride (a costly train)
 Rear'd on the ruins of Culloden's plain.

The crippled martyr view ; his cens'ring tongue,
 The sole remaining member, damns the young ;
 Beset with pains himself, he hates the free,—
 Stone-blind himself, he rails at those who see.
 Dines he abroad ? beside his feeder stands,
 Helpless he lives but by another's hands.
 Of old his senses lux'ry's board could greet,
 Now slacken'd nature slumbers o'er the treat ;
 Officious parasites with friendly plan
 Fly to regale,—and choak him if they can.

Severer doom the wretched clod attends,
 Ignorance alike of servants, and of friends ;
 Ign'rant or careless of the child he bred,
 His will leaves all to Lucy in his stead ;
 Infidious harlot ! whose triumphant art
 To doting age love's opiates can impart.

But grant that reason's lamp, whose genial ray
 Illum'd the conduct of his earlier day,
 Grant that this lamp with undiminish'd fires
 The peaceful virtues of his age inspires ;

Yet circling mis'ries claim the kindred tear,
Wife, brother, sister, load the crowded bier ;
Familiar death the ling'ring vet'ran scares,
Far less by age distinguish'd than by cares.

For proofs on Homer's song my muse could call
(Nor deem, ye Northerns, that I mean Fingal)
Could raise up many a hero, who out-ran
By many a year th' accusom'd date of man ;
Heroes, who chatting o'er unnumber'd bowls,
Drank their fair lasses, and enlarg'd their souls.
Could thence attend them to life's closing scene,
And point the joyless victims of chagrin ;
Shew sons, wives, daughters, mounted on the pyre,
—Then envy, if you can, the widow'd fire ;
The fire who loathing his protracted breath,
From Heav'n's indulgence waits the stroke of death.
Let Grecian vet'rans view, immers'd in pain,
Their offspring hurry'd to the Trojan plain ;
Drop we the theme, by ev'ry school-boy known,
And view (for once) examples of our own.

Had Scottish James beheld the close of life,
Crush'd in some petty Caledonian strife ;
Toil'd to his end a pirate o'er the main,
Nor curs'd with Stuart hatred England's reign ;
Bless'd were my country ;—on his native shore
Some blust'ring bard his elegy might roar ;

Some

Some Romish priest have clos'd him in his bier,
And his own REAL children dropt a tear.

But sprung from him the Scots' collected ire
Spreads the loath'd kingdom with rebellion's fire;
T' assert an upstart's visionary right
The plaided murd'ers rush their friends to fight:
Unsheath'd the falchion beams in William's arm;
Culloden lives to speak the dread alarm.
Culloden, may no years thy mem'ry blot!
Live, ever live to curse the haughty Scot.
For thee, O William! whose unfully'd praise
Each patriot-soul shall ever dare to raise,
Thy worth the consecrating muse shall speak,
Tho' ribbald Scotsmen split their envious cheek;
Still will thy conquests hail, unaw'd by s—e,
Nor fear the venom of a Northern hate.

'Twas thus the senior's winter low'r'd of old;
Stamp'd in each rolling age the proofs behold;
In each the crowds of ancient wretches shew,
Man vainly dreams of happiness below.
Disgraceful woes in Somers' exile view,
See adverse fate the man of worth pursue:
In tears, religion, mourn thy lost support;
In tears, O justice, mourn thy beggar'd court.
Somers in virtue, as in wisdom great,
Shone on th' exalted pinnacle of state;

There pity streaming from his godlike breast
 From venal vengeance succor'd the distress'd ;
 That venal vengeance, whose wild torrent springs,
 And tears the statesman from the best of kings.
 Bless'd in retirement by the public pray'r,
 He quits in Cheshunt's shade the load of care ;
 Yet there disease's agonizing prey,
 Fell dorage blasts the ev'ning of his day.
 Happy in this ; amid corruption's train
 He had fair virtue beam on England's reign ;
 Lov'd of the people, darling of the throne,
 Nor great, like others, for himself alone :
 Praise, ye dire St. Johns, praise th' illustrious bier,
 And learn the sons of virtue to revere.

For beauty on her sons the mother cries,
 But for her dearer daughter rends the skies ;
 By rapid zeal to frenzy's strains betray'd,
 Ev'n now she feels the damsel's fortune made,
 But ah ! what mischiefs frown on beauty's scene !
 Turn, calm reflection, turn to H——r's mien ;
 Who sadly curs'd with each attractive grace,
 Had liv'd more happy with a grandame's face.

But chief when beauty decks the lovely boy,
 Cares heap'd on cares the parent's peace annoy ;
 Crowds of temptations choak the narrow road
 That leads to modesty's serene abode.

Tho'

Tho' education's rigid lore displays
 The full-blown dignity of ancient days,
 Tho' nature streaks him with her genuine flame,
 And the blush kindles to the hint of blame,
 (Nature, whose dictates purer wisdom wear
 Than the dull moralist's affected care)
 See thro' the world officious friends combin'd,
 And luring pleasures steal away the mind ;
 Vice fires the passions with a fond regard,
 Till baffled virtue fighting quits her guard.

For you, ye fair, whose unresisted charms
 Win the full crowd of victims to your arms,
 Lo ! fatal poison busy love imparts,
 Your very swains the traitors of your hearts ;
 Each look, each thought repeated rivals blame,
 And plant their vengeful batt'ries at your fame.

Nor ill the torrent to the maid apply'd,
 Whose silly heart is vassal to her pride ;
 Who deeming all a conquest to her eyes,
 Gives to the wealthy fool the sacred prize ;
 While worth in vain sits fighting for her charms,
 And beauty's bury'd in an upstart's arms.

Mark now the suitor's slav'ry to the fair ;
 In form the maiden, smirking in her chair,
 Receives

Receives the youth; ten thousand visits paid,
 Her worth (or fortune) is at last display'd;
 For Smithfield-parents, tho' they scarce can score,
 In THIS well know that two and two make four.
 And now poor Cloe must her mind reveal,
 For see around the lawyer, priest, and seal;
 Here too the useful priests their aid impart,
 Tho' in all else she hates them to the heart.
 If once ere this a fav'ring flame she own,
 Swift flies officious scandal through the town;
 (Scandal which aggravates thy soft desire,
 When correspondence fans the giddy fire)
 Her lover's vanity the buz attends,
 And swears her fondness to his gossip-friends;
 The friends with shouts the coxcomb's lie improve,
 And all, all cry, poor Cloe is in love.
 Fan'd by their baleful breath the censures roll,
 And a fool's treach'ry stabs you to the soul.

Say then, must man no fondling wishes shed,
 Lest troops of evils thunder on his head?
 Fix'd in a stagnant lethargy of scene,
 No active passion rouse the dull machine?
 Away—let calm content inspire thy breast,
 And Heav'n, thy dearer friend, dispose the rest;
 Heav'n, whose mild influ'nce checks our frantic fires,
 And reins the headlong torrent of desires;

That eye, to each unfashion'd secret known,
 That eye, which ever wakes for man alone.
 Yet, still expectant of its guardian care,
 Pour the sweet incense of obedient pray'r ;
 For health's warm glow let strong devotion roll,
 To wake to life each virtue of the soul.
 The soul serene, whose steady smiles attend,
 Prop'd by religion, thine approaching end ;
 The soul no fears appal, no labors tire ;
 No dupe to rage, no captive to desire ;
 Which flush'd like Tillotson with virtue's blaze,
 Spurns the dull flutter of a Charles's days.

Thus beams the native dignity of man ;
 Rise—mount with ardor to the gen'rous plan ;
 Let sacred prudence light thee in thy way,
 Prudence to virtue fan'd by wisdom's ray,
 There fix resolv'd ; there, proof to fortune's charms,
 Go—spurn the fickle phantom from thy arms.

That eye to each passion's least glow,
That eye which ever waits for passion's
Yet still obedient of its guardian care,
For the sweet accents of obedient prayer,
For music's voice to show its sacred domain,
To wait to the ear's friend of the soul.
The last scene, which shows the artist's hand,
Prop'd by religion, thus appears to stand,
The last no less than the first, and the last
No less to rest, no less to stand,
Which shall be the last of the artist's hand,
To rest the last of the artist's hand.
The last scene, which shows the artist's hand,
Prop'd by religion, thus appears to stand,
The last no less than the first, and the last
No less to rest, no less to stand,
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No less to rest, no less to stand,
Which shall be the last of the artist's hand,
To rest the last of the artist's hand.

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THE
ELEVENTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

IF lordly Bute display the splendid feasts,
Courtiers his vassals, freeholders his guests;
While shouting Scots stand gaping at his gate,
We think him lib'ral, for his name is great.

Th' expensive treat if M—dl—n employ
To feed the palate of the royal boy,
'Tis folly, ALL exclaim, to spend our store
To furnish princes, when ourselves are poor.

How sinks mean Wharton in the rolls of fame
Let brothels tell, which oft have roar'd his name;
Tho' form'd by nature for the patriot's care,
In peace to govern, and direct in war,

This

This wanton Clodio of the courtly train,
While youth's high blood ran rev'ling in his vein,
Urg'd by caprice, by fancy's whims control'd,
Drop'd in a stew the gen'rous and the bold;
And, on a harlot's softer breast reclin'd,
Drove honor, worth, and reason from his mind;
Skill'd in the bow'rs of vice each hour t' improve,
And all his being's end to laugh and love.

Far better Gay, who firm in virtuous pride,
Tho' one poor meal scarce able to provide,
Lash'd follies glaring in the sons of birth,
His only bulwarks Queensbury and worth.

But THESE o'er nature's space for lux'ry pore,
For ever thoughtless to discharge the score;
These their own country spurn with polish'd breast,
To them the dearest only is the best.
To quit th' expences of their sumptuous state,
First for their debts' discharge they melt their plate;
The next those objects of their fonder view
(Not of their taste) the splendors of virtue
Sink for a nought; then issuing on the stage,
They mimic lavish lux'ry's well-known rage.

Not so the peer; let debts surround him still,
No fortune HIS to shudder at a bill;

Tho'

Tho' loads of dust th' expectant Papers draw,
 Heap'd as the parchment-scriblings of the law;
 Yet still he builds, still faunters void of cares,
 Fix'd in himself, for no arrest he fears.

Man, know thyself; with all persuasion's art
 How sink the sounds their passage to my heart!
 Would this direct us to the beauteous wife,
 And sway th' inferior offices of life;
 Would this direct us to the field of war,
 And rear us to the senate or the bar;
 To grace our isle would other Marlboroughs rise,
 And Pitts successive bloom before our eyes.

Come, my bold orator, with dauntless will
 Confront a minister's illegal bill;
 Yet heed, lest rambling in a wayward dream
 Thy heated soul start wanton from the theme;
 Let thoughtful judgment rein thy patriot-zeal,
 Let judgment regulate domestic weal.
 What fools! who range the world for healthless food,
 When cheaper England could procure as good;
 Fools! soon to mourn their wealth-consuming taste,
 Of want the victims, and by worth disgrac'd.
 See the last shilling comes demurely slow,
 A long dead void th' exhausted pockets shew;
 Like his, from vanity whose losses spring,
 And rob the preacher of his diamond-ring.

Well

Well may we dread (thus sunk his abject state)
What most he calls for—his untimely fate,

Such fashion's scenes ; from folly's hapless nights
The gold rolls plenteous at the den of Whites ;
There lie the stores in splendid heaps display'd,
Tho' the poor taylor's bill remains unpaid.

But lo ! at last the lavish treasure flown,
The gay West-Indian hurries from the town ;
O'er distant seas those sons of pleasure roam,
Their presence needful for affairs at home ;
The frolic champions with as careless soul
The dang'rous ocean plough from pole to pole,
As flaunting ladies fly from street to street,
Or city traders to a new-bought seat.
This, this the heart-felt pang, the galling care,
To quit for swarthy loves the tender fair ;
To leave (what thought can bear) the park, the play,
For the loath'd heat of a Jamaica-day.

Yet hence, enthusiasts, from our darling coast
No worth with such, no modesty is lost ;
Sworn foes to reason, indolence's tools,
Whom frantic pride directs, and passion rules.

But thou, my friend, each taunt of anger wreak
If what my heart conceives I dare not speak ;

Slave

Slave of deceit proclaim me, if thou see
 One faithless deed with virtue disagree.
 Come to my board, the friendly feast is spread,
 No formal grin, no modish cringes dread;
 No—I will hail thee with a welcome look,
 And treat thee far more gladly than a duke;
 Too poor to smile upon my friend, and pray,
 That Heav'n had guided him a diff'rent way.

See! my whole treat is from my fields supply'd,
 I seek no market to indulge my pride;
 A kid far softer than the velvet-plain
 Salutes my board, selected from the train;
 Which doom'd the victim of this festal day,
 No more its parent sooths with sportive play.
 Two tender chicks, oft fed from Florio's arm,
 Close-pacing round the dame, secure of harm,
 Bleed for the treat; two others yonder see,
 Doom'd for a second treat, and doom'd to thee.
 Cull'd from my humble garden's fruitful wall
 The cluster's willing juices hail my call;
 The downy peach in ruddy charms display'd,
 Almost a rival of the rose-cheek'd maid,
 Spreads its soft sweets; and, for a future feast,
 The healthier pipplin ripens to thy taste;
 Still doom'd to triumph, tho' excis'd by B——,
 Who loaths the sweets of ev'ry English fruit.

M

Such

Such meals of old adorn'd the frugal board,
 And pleas'd the palate of the greatest lord ;
 Of old the member, lov'd in his retreat,
 Spent ev'ry Christmas at his country-feat ;
 Earth's choicest herbs the rural table grac'd,
 Congenial to the tenants' honest taste.
 Such goodly modes no more engage the land,
 They know no fare but from the servant's hand.
 When the fitch'd bacon hung in pomp on high,
 How did it joy the toiling farmer's eye !
 The steward then, not insolent as now,
 The guest respected with a welcome bow ;
 To all alike a willing ear he gave,
 For then no master was his steward's slave :
 They sing, they count the triumphs of the plain,
 And on the stubborn furrow dwell again.
 Untainted with corruption's fordid arts
 The great man's virtues mend the peasants' hearts ;
 Statesmen then shone true patriots at the helm,
 And all were PITTS and Guardians of the realm.

Their bosoms, center'd in severer care,
 Left foreign lux'ry to its native air ;
 They left the scaly breed th' unenvy'd seas,
 In wanton aukwardness to sport at ease ;
 They left the dolphins, an unwieldy train,
To flounce in floods, and gambol thro' the main ;
 To minuets thus grown gentlemen advance,
 True dolphins taught by Duke and Hart to dance.

Round

Round the rais'd maypole, on the velvet mead,
 The rustic train the festal transports lead;
 Smiles from the harmless fair the mirth improv'd,
 Alike each neighbor loving, and belov'd.
 The master's self, unskill'd with polish'd grace
 Voters to bribe, or elbow for a place,
 With no French fopp'ries fir'd his dazzled view,
 Plain English sounds, and those alone he knew.
 The plate secure within the spacious hall
 No pilf'rer dreads, tho' open'd wide to all;
 Each honest heart contented with his own
 Ey'd not another's with a longing groan:
 View, Britons, view—with shouts of envy praise
 The golden blessings of those halcyon days.

With gen'rous ardor th' uncorrupted train
 Pour'd their devotions at religion's fane;
 With step spontaneous duty's path they trod,
 No earthquake's horrors egg'd them to their God;
 'Gainst no invasion's threats their vows they stay,
 But ev'ry sabbath's a thanksgiving-day.

Yes, thus were Britons blest, ere slaves to gold,
 For pay their hearts and liberty they sold;
 When lib'ral grandeur's well-frequented door
 Reliev'd the helpless, and oblig'd the poor;
 When to full age the tow'ring timber spread,
 Nor for a debt of honor bow'd the head.

With high ambition modern nobles glow,
 Their food, their raiment not for use but shew;
 The friendly treat quite sick'ning they behold,
 Like Midas wishing all they touch'd was gold;
 Insipid charms the plenteous boards dispense,
 Unless the room is furnish'd with expence.
 Can such on honest English lux'ry dine,
 Content without a smack of foreign wine?
 While tasteless artifices cloud their treat,
 Such whims fantastic, that you cannot eat!
 And structures huge, with vulgar sweetmeats stor'd,
 Burlesque Britannia's conquests on the board.
 Take then your vanities, ye slaves of wealth,
 To none I make a sacrifice of health;
 And time, that treasure I to friends devote,
 Slow lags with dullness in th'embroider'd coat.

The high-born guest let folly's vot'ries own,
 Who measure others by themselves alone;
 Fond in a toy, a bauble to delight,
 Who seek a dinner but to please their sight.
 Not such be mine; I promise grateful cheer,
 Tho' not a sweet of foreign lux'ry here;
 Tho' not an ortolan adorn my board,
 No bird like this my little fields afford;
 My treat no useless ornaments supply,
 No silver decks it, for the tax runs high.

Let the rich board of vanity impart
The keen vibrations of the carver's art;
No need of lectures for the social treat,
To point the grand anatomy of meat;
While fish, flesh, fowl, in parcel'd order lie,
And with a new-made science feast the eye.
HERE welcome friends may mangle as they will,
Nor fear my censure, if they take their fill.

One thing, my friend, your cautious thought demands,
No word of French poor Joseph understands;
Neat in attire the decent slaves shall shine,
Fear not thy purse, th' unliv'ry'd is not mine;
My vassals two,—of late my grandfire's one,
The next a youth, a trusty tenant's son.
With modest look the stripling takes his stand,
Fix'd and obedient to his lord's command:
Were birth's high honors mine, my just applause
Might seem the product of a fonder cause.

Good gen'rous port will crown your English taste;
With this and raisin is my table grac'd;
Th' unwholsome draughts of France I dare not take,
The trash despising for its nation's sake.

Nor think at Florio's board the tender maid
Will shine in fashion's purpled charms display'd;

Think not inebriate tumult's strain t'employ,
 Tumult, the mimicry of festal joy:
 Alas! no shameless scene those eyes will see,—
 Such modish fancies are too great for me.
 Fancies well suited to the restless souls,
 Whose frugal riot reason's voice controls;
 Giant Hibernians, who usurp renown,
 And in the town's defence affront the town;
 Who doat on handbills which they scarce can sign,
 And owe their reputation to their wine.
 Should meaner mortals court each modish vice,
 Debauch the virgin, or adore the dice,
 Contempt and scorn their sordid lot await;
 Those crimes with us are virtues with the GREAT.

Far diff'rent pastime decks my rural feasts,
 The good my converse, and the learn'd my guests;
 But vainly here the flimsy taste will call
 For the loud, rumbling bluster of Fingal;
 Whose tip-toe periods, SQUIRTED out, not SUNG,
 Are scriptural, homeric, old and young,
 Are any thing; tho', read it as you will,
 Dear nonsense is at top and bottom still.

And now, my friend, let reason's joys divert
 Each weight of sorrow harbor'd in thy heart;
 Fell us'ry's pois'nous arts let others share,
 To others leave the money-jobbing care;

Nor

Nor ruthless jealousy thy rest control,
 For Cloe still, still loves thee to the soul.
 And chief (or mirth is vain) resolv'd suspend
 The thankless anguish for the trait'rous friend;
 Be theirs alone the sorrow who betray;
 But—hence reflection to a future day.

Let the gay vot'ries of the grassy sport
 To fam'd Newmarket's wide-stretch'd plains resort;
 Where bustling glow the rivals of the race,
 With eager cries, the jockey and his grace;
 And Nugax chief, who for the debt unpaid
 Rais'd to the noble's arms the filial maid.
 For these unpeopled London's glory shrinks,
 Ev'n England's self in dear Newmarket sinks;
 While tow'rs the champion's heart of jockies fitst
 To reign applauded, and of men the worst.

Hail, lovely pastime ! great Newmarket, hail !
 When once thy sports to sons of grandeur fail,
 Then low'rs our country, with dishonor view'd,
 As all her Indies were by France subdu'd.
 Thus England judges, her enthusiast eyes
 Hail modish meanness, and pursue with cries;
 There wooe the maid, who spreads her wanton airs
 To sooth with love the losing gamester's cares.

Yet still, thou trifler, taste th' unbounded play,
Go, reel from taverns at the noon of day,
Unknowing of a blush, in lordly state,
And meet perhaps a parent at the gate ;
Then own, vain prodigal of time and pelf,
Thou'rt sick of life, of pleasure, of thyself.
Tho' the breast revel in the sweets of joy,
Yet laughter soon, soon droops, and pleasures cloy ;
A glut of transport palls the listless heart,
The soul's dishonor, and the body's smart.

THE
TWELFTH SATIRE

IMITATED.

HAIL, happy morn! thrice hail thy genial ray,
Which shines superior to my natal day!
To humbler joys those moments I commend
Which gave me breath, than those which gave a friend.

Hilario safe we'll seize the gentle fawn,
Which wanton sports along the verdant lawn;
And harmless flits his little horns to prove
'Gainst ev'ry bark that decks the tow'ring grove.
We'll take fair innocence's pride, the lamb,
That browsing skips around the fleecy dam;
Nor heed the tender mother's bleating cries,
Whose anxious steps pursue the ravish'd prize.

Did

Did gracious Heav'n th' exalted pow'r afford,
 Ev'n as my bosom lib'ral were my board ;
 To distant climes my restless soul would fly,
 Where Sol unweary'd fires the sultry sky ;
 India her richest turtle should provide,
 Soon o'er my dish I'd spread its various pride ;
 Whose smoaking sweets the glories should explain
 Which feast the laughing sons of lux'ry's train :
 But what tho' heaps on heaps my table grac'd ?
 Alas ! true friendship lives not by the taste.

Sincerer welcome long-lost friends demand,
 Who, sav'd from danger, tread their native land ;
 Who still in terror hear the billows roar,
 And shudd'ring wonder, they're secure on shore.
 Reflection poring o'er her recent ills
 Again the horrors of the tempest feels ;
 Again the thunders roar, the lightnings fly,
 To shew the midnight gloom that loads the sky ;
 Repeated woes the lab'ring soul inspire,
 A crackling cordage, and the sails on fire ;
 With rage recruited swells the whirling blast,
 All cry with groans, " This moment is our last ! "

If Maro's pen with animated art
 In pictur'd force the tempest's rage impart,
 " While the huge waves in lifted mountains roll,
 " And the loud thunder wheels from pole to pole ; "

If thus the muse the shudd'ring bosom scare,
How heaves the doubled agony of care,
When circling horrors sink the conscious breast,
Stript of cool fiction's imitative vest!

Such ills as these ev'n George's * bosom knew,
Whose threat'ning danger fir'd his gen'rous crew;
When the toss'd billows of the stormy deep,
Unsooth'd by monarchs, fill the groaning ship;
The pausing pilot chill'd by ruffling fears
Mistrusts his skill, and trembles as he steers.
The sons of grandeur toil to save in vain
The gifts of lux'ry from the greedy main;
Each dear-bought labor of the foreign loom,
The gold's rich splendor, and the purple's bloom,
(Whose charms had else display'd their pow'rful art
To win some dazzled virgin's love-sick heart)
No deep-fetch'd sigh, no flowing tear can save,
Forc'd undistinguish'd to the watry grave.

Now sink the treasur'd stores, the rich-carv'd plate,
And ev'ry splendid vanity of state;
In vain (for ALL th' insatiate waves demand)
Shine forth the living strokes of Raphael's hand;
In vain the goblet sheds its sparkling store,
Doom'd to th' exhausting lip of mirth no more;

* Storm in 1736.

Tho' rich as ought that Gallia's treach'rous train
From a brib'd German garrison can gain.

Away, cries av'rice, 'mid the desp'rate strife,
Spare but my gold, I care not for my life ;
Tho' danger frown, what madness fears for health,
When closely circled by the smiles of wealth :
More fordid sinks the soul as treasures thrive,
And curs'd with hoarded plenty dares not live.
Now use, sad refuge, gives her ling'ring prize,
And still the tempest beats, the dangers rise ;
The lifted mast, so deep of life the love,
They force impatient from its height above,
Despair's last dread resource ; the lighten'd ship
Winds on unguided o'er th' unfriendly deep.

Go then, vain main, as fav'rite folly calls,
Coop'd in a tott'ring prison's wooden walls ;
Go, urg'd by av'rice, obstinately blind,
Brave ev'ry danger of the sea and wind ;
Sail on secure ; nor heed thy fleeting breath,
Scarce four small inches from the gates of death ;
There 'mid the tempest own, thy fordid care
Too great to plow the ocean of despair.

But now at once the jarring tempests cease,
The weary'd waves lie level'd into peace ;

No

No more the wond'ring pilot droops aghast,
A zephyr-breeze controls the Northern blast :
The ship in sails of vary'd colors drefs'd,
Torn from the toiling sailors' dropping vest,
Glides o'er the main ; while Phoebus' beamy head
O'er Heav'n's pure azure pours his smiling red.

Now full to view the wish'd-for plains appear,
Whose cliffs on high their whiten'd glories rear ;
With eager cries they hail the welcome land,
And Albion, Albion ecchoes to the strand ;
Urg'd on triumphant with a prosp'rous gale,
To Dover's friendly smiles they swell their sail.
Hail, happy seat ! by nature's hand display'd,
Inviting refuge to the soul of trade !
Stand and admire her tutelary charms,
Ye shiv'ring sailors, foster'd in her arms.
Lo ! now with tears of joy your spouses meet,
And their lov'd lords with fond embraces greet ;
Pant ev'ry secret of the storm to know,
And hang devouring on the tale of woe.

Haste then, my friends, the genial strain prepare,
Revel in blifs, and bid adieu to care ;
Let sparkling transports crown the festal bowl,
And music's softer treasures sooth the soul ;
I too the gen'ral voice of mirth will join,
And richest incense show'r on friendship's shrine ;
Yes,

Yes, my full arms each living flow'r shall bring,
O'er nature scatter'd from the hand of spring;
The vi'let's variegated sweets disclose,
The paler lily, and the blooming rose:
When Phoebus sinks beneath the veil of night,
The jovial dance shall close the gay delight.

Nor think that ought but friendship's pow'rful claim
Lights in my lifted soul this ardent flame;
Think not my wishes from Hilario wait
Some kind encreases to a small estate;
Three healthy babes such fond desires annoy,
The sweet memorials of the nuptial joy;
And sure 'twere vain with lib'ral arm to send
Frail expectation's gifts to such a friend.

If fell disease Avaro's limbs oppress,
Each hour the cringing supplicants address;
With many a sob they squeeze the tear-less eye,
And tire with ceaseless pray'r the cruel sky.
"With joy," cries Florio, "I'd resign my breath,
"Thus could I save my dearest lord from death;
"To lift the good man from the bed of pain
"Would fly each soothing remedy to gain;
"Did distant realms the healing draught afford,
"I'd search content to place it on thy board;
"At friendship's nod with conscious joy would tread
"The frozen desert, or the scorching mead;

"Mid

“ ‘Mid the loud din of India’s savage arms
 “ I’d wander, careless of the war’s alarms ;
 “ With face unmov’d the scene of slaughter see,
 “ Unknown to fear, for such a friend as thee.”

So roar the fycophants with fervent will,
 Wretches from shew of kindness bent to kill :
 When thus against him friends and physic strive,
 How great the wonder if he ‘scape alive !

Some dare devote, to save his dearer life,
 The kind domestic, or the faithful wife ;
 Tho’ beauty’s charms with heav’nly lustre bloom,
 Those lovely charms they offer to the tomb ;
 Bind with paternal hand their only boy,
 And at the stake display the fav’rite joy ;
 Not, like the sacred monarch, doom’d to find,
 Their Isaac to redeem, a captive hind.

Far purer friendship crowns my social plan,
 I spurn the riches, but I prize the man ;
 And know, thou flatt’rer, should the son of wealth
 With limbs recruited tread the bow’rs of health,
 The fiend congenial may resign his pelf
 To some low cringer, worthless as thyself ;
 Whose tow’ring soul (unrival’d blifs !) will reign,
 And give to thee to murmur and complain.

Still

Still curs'd with age let menial vassals live,
 And the long triumphs of the oak survive ;
 Heap in th' extended chest the glitt'ring store,
 And still contentless, ever groan for more ;
 Their haughty fronts like brutal Jeff'ries rear,
 Scoff at the widow's cry, and orphan's tear ;
 Yet—poor the transports of the guilty breast,
 The world detesting—whom the world detest.

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THE
THIRTEENTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

NO more, I pray, no more—the daring soul,
Whose impious steps the paths of sin control,
Conscience will sting; no charms can sooth to rest
The troubled ocean of a guilty breast;
Nor such with patient eye can justice see,
Tho' clear'd his conduct by the court's decree.
Tho' base corruption stop the arm of right,
The smile of int'rest, or the frown of might,
Lone sits the wretch from social converse hurl'd,
Disdain'd he pines, the refuse of the world.

Away, these mournful strains, these murm'ring cries!
Such trivial ills demand th' unmanly sighs?

N

A me-

A menial pilf'rer vex his ruffled hours,
 Whom heav'n has loaded with her choicest stores?
 Pause from thy grief; the circling world survey
 What hapless numbers sink to fraud a prey!
 Few are the blest'd, whose sky with smile serene
 Gilds the fair morn, and cloudless shuts the scene.
 The storm the great man views with patient eyes,
 Nor swells his sorrow, but as dangers rise;
 What! injur'd friendship mourn? know, falsehood's crimes
 Are but the faintest image of the times;
 So rare the just, whose careless looks behold
 A neighbor's treasure, and disdain the gold;
 Rare in these times, which harden'd knav'ry feed,
 Rare as the Scotsmen left beyond the Tweed.

In vain has age, if vice thy bosom scare,
 With hoary wisdom silver'd o'er thy hair;
 Wisdom to threescore honest winters known,
 When northern Galba GUIDES the British th—s.
 In vain experience crowns thy thoughtful mind,
 Which wond'ring views the manners of mankind.

With study'd force let grave divines dispense
 The sober truths of moral eloquence,
 And loudly fierce the pulpit lessons give,
 (Not from their own examples) how to live;
 Far greater they, whose uncorrupted heart
 From action's self the precept can impart;

Who,

Who, when misfortune show's th' afflictive pain,
Smile at its rage, and spurn th' oppressing chain.

What place so sacred damps the murd'rer's soul !
What sabbath checks the fury of the bowl !
Religion's walks here daring footsteps spoil ;
Here roars th' undaunted atheist's madden'd toil.
Thin-scatter'd steps to virtue's fane resort,
How poor her kingdom, and how mean her court !
See, how she treads with falt'ring terror flow,
Scoff'd and insulted by the haughty foe !
What brand, what stamps of infamy suffice
To mark this age of complicated vice !

Yet—still does Titus with impetuous flame
Still madly fervent, as the herd, exclaim,
Who fawning o'er a noble's fulsome joke
Expectant hang, and grin before 'tis spoke ?
Still call in curses to the conscious sky,
To blast the perjur'd, and revenge his cry ?
Grey in thy years, but infant in thy thought,
Thy harmless soul what poor experience taught !
What folly told thee, that the splendid prize
Would spread in vain its charms to human eyes ?
Believe me, friend, the world with smiles will find
This patriarch-rudeness of thy spotless mind.

Such, such was man, when Harold's golden reign
Spread richest blessings o'er Britannia's plain ;

Ere Norman tyranny's impetuous arm
 Fill'd the wide realm with terror and alarm;
 And proudly stalking to th' inhuman fight
 The sceptre wrested from the hand of right.
 Then glow'd the monarch's breast with patriot-zeal,
 He liv'd true guardian of the public weal;
 Not skill'd to prostitute the gifts of state,
 He smil'd, and bad the good man to be great.
 No wanton fair improv'd the courtly feast,
 But welcom'd virtue shone a constant guest;
 ALL shar'd the princely grace; no rigid wall
 Coop'd the dread sovereign from his people's call;
 No party-frenzy shook the solid throne,
 The Whig alike, and Tory then unknown;
 No thankless courtier daring insults spread,
 And rak'd the ashes of the royal dead;
 None on a WILLIAM's triumphs learn'd to sneer,
 To feed with flatt'ry's strain an ANNA's ear.
 Nor then did fashion's awful pow'r begin
 To smile on folly, or to varnish sin;
 With manly reverence youth's corruptless age
 Paid sacred honors to the bearded sage;
 Superior riches were a vain pretence
 In pamper'd dullness to superior sense;
 Instructive wisdom thro' the realm was priz'd,
 Not sneer'd by striplings, and as now despis'd.

When

When justice greets me with her faintest rays,
I view this queen of virtues with amaze,
That honest goodness meets a friendly place,
A corner in the heart of human race.

Soon shall I hope to hear the Russian's tongue
Active to sentence ought, but what is wrong;
Soon shall I hope Germania's sons to see
Cloth'd in the garb of meek humility;
That haughty Spain reserve's cold arts will cease,
Nor with suspicions damp the smile of peace:
Spain whose rich stores in ceaseless channels flow,
And the low frauds of forward knav'ry shew.
Away; nor still thy trivial loss deplore;
I'd thank MY GUARDIAN, had he stoln no more;
Cheerful wou'd thank him, and pronounce it just
To pare some usual perquisites of trust;
Ev'n hireling agents from the plenteous chest
Should share the gleanings, did they save the rest.

Mark how yon wretch the sacred strain displays,
How dwells with rapture on religion's praise!
Each conscious thought with gen'rous freedom glows;
Serenely bold th' exalted period flows;
" To thee, just heav'n, my spotless vows I send,
" To thee, whom injur'd virtue calls her friend;
" If perjury's mine, eternal stains disgrace,
" Eternal curses blast my guilty race;

“ If perjury’s mine, celestial vengeance fall,
 “ Destruction crush my son, my wife, and ALL :
 “ To join the heap this worthless blessing throw,
 “ To groan with Satan in the realms below.”

Some think, that influenc’d by the nod of chance,
 The spheres leap’d forth to form the heav’nly dance;
 And boldly careless of the pow’r above,
 Sneer at his goodness, and disdain his love.
 Some calmly cautious quit the paths of right,
 Their souls start doubtful with a wild affright;
 Point but the gold, no more the ling’ers stay,
 But rush rapacious of the splendid prey.

Had heav’n but proffer’d one poor shilling more
 T’ increase the hoarded loads of Lowther’s store,
 Each ill the wretch with transport had endur’d,
 The sons of medicine ever gave or cur’d,
 “ In never-fading bloom let others shine,
 “ Torture I heed thee not—so wealth be mine.”

Tho’ num’rous crimes celestial wrath provoke,
 Th’ indulgent pow’r stands pausing o’er the stroke;
 On wings of rage tho’ blazing lightnings fly,
 And thunders roar the frown divine on high;
 Still tow’rs my soul in conscious boldness free,
 No errors from the world distinguish me.

There

There are, whose crimes in glaring horrors glow,
 Whose meek repentance wards th' impending blow;
 There are, whose triumphs fire their guilty breast
 As justice for a while were lull'd to rest;
 Rewards precarious load the lifted scale,
 This meets a r—b—d, and the next a jail.

Such flatt'ring strains a quick'ning fire impart,
 Steel the rais'd soul, and petrify the heart;
 Who first stand falt'ring on the stormy shore,
 Launch to the main and ply the willing oar;
 They rush disdainful of th' Almighty rod,
 With perjury loaded to their conscious God;
 Survey the well-known name with careless eye,
 Smile at the signet, and the prize deny.

Why then fanatic zeal thy soul excite,
 Like Wesley bawling to the sons of night?
 Or wildly frantic, as the brother-block,
 Who deals his pure reflections at the Lock?
 " Lo! gracious heav'n, what impious deeds provoke
 " Thy lifted vengeance, and defy the stroke!
 " Hark! the loud cries of injur'd truth require,
 " Quick snatch thy dreadful ministers of ire;
 " Devote the victim for the world a sign,
 " A blasted monument of wrath divine;
 " Else whence should man thy sovereign goodness own?
 " Whence court the smile of heav'n, or fear the frown?

“ Nor hear the tempests of Almighty rage,
 “ Calm as the mimic thunder of the stage?”

Yet give the muse, my Titus, to control
 With soothing voice the fervor of thy soul;
 The moral thought no wild **ROMAINE** inspires,
 Pure are my dictates from th’ enthusiast’s fires;
 Ill suits with friendship’s tongue the ranting strain,
 That scares the reason of the vulgar train:
 Nor claim **THESE** evils physic’s formal tribe,
 Not all the college can a cure prescribe.

Look round the world, and if another’s breast
 Groan not with fortune’s heavier ills oppress’d,
 Feed the deep sorrow, give a loose to care,
 Heave the full groan, nor check the flowing tear;
 Wrap’d in the fable weeds of grief deplore,
 And close to comfort’s call thy rigid door;
 With ling’ring solemn step demurely tread,
 As at the funeral of the friendly dead;
 Lost gold demands no cold dissembled sighs,
 A weight of woe best suits the ravish’d prize;
 Not such as theirs, whose sympathizing breast
 Howls the forc’d strain, and tears the shatter’d vest.

The daring souls of our degen’rate times
 Are spotted thick with deeper stains of crimes;

Disclaim

Disclaim the writing, tho' the perjury stare,
 Hideous to view, and speak with frowning glare.
 But thou, whose high-exalted station grace
 The glow of riches, and the pomp of race,
 Think'st not an ill shou'd stain thy honor'd birth,
 A weight form'd only for the scum of earth.

Alas! in vain with unrelenting ire
 You launch 'gainst perjury the raging fire,
 Here on the trav'ler's gold the pilf'rer preys,
 Here murd'ers spread the city in a blaze;
 In vain his walls the slumb'ring rich immure,
 No midnight's gloom his quiet can secure;
 From felon hands no church its gold can save;
 In vain the dead lie bosom'd in the grave;
 Forth roam the wretches, and indignant wrest
 The clay-cold reliques from their bed of rest;
 While daring thoughts ev'n rev'rend avarice move
 To tear his Savior from the height above.

See for his fire the son's impetuous soul
 With impious venom tips the smiling bowl;
 Cuts the thin mould'ring thread of ling'ring breath,
 And snatches from the fates the work of death:
 No equal pangs such desp'rate breasts can feel,
 The rack too gentle, and too mild the wheel.

Yet,

Yet, would my Titus count the crouded crimes,
 That stamp the busy genius of the times,
 Hence to the court, the course of justice see,
 Then own, that others live more curs'd than thee;
 Such there the sins (strange pow'r!) with frighten'd gaze
 The jury shudd'ring, and the judge survey's.

Lives there, who views with wonder's starting eye
 False Holland burst the bands of amity,
 With parlying insult fir'd by pride advance
 The bulky slave of dulness and of France?
 Degen'rate from their fires, a warlike host
 When their own William rul'd the English coast.
 —Yet, England still be free, their threats disdain;
 Nor sooth with fondling notes a DASTARD train.

When haughty Gallia arms her bugbear host,
 And num'rous squadrons crowd the hostile coast,
 Impatient fame on hasty pinions bears
 The low'ring vengeance to the British ears.
 Of old, 'tis true, this dread parade of might
 Might chill the vulgar and the great affright;
 Now the calm reason unbelieving smiles
 On the mock frenzy, and disdains their toils.

“ Shall splendid wealth the guilty bosom guard?
 “ Shall, gracious heav'n, the perjur'd meet reward?”

Yet

Yet seize the captive, would thy barbarous pow'r
 With torment load his life's remaining hour ?
 Yes, o'er the rack th' extended limbs display,
 The much-mourn'd debt can cruelty repay !
 How poor the heart with mercy's sweets unblest'd !
 How mean the deed, where vengeance fires the breast !

'Tis true—the crowd with souls rapacious pour
 The storms of rage, and loose the vengeful show'r ;
 Unthinking crew ! how vain the frenzy shewn,
 To gild the cause, which justice calls her own.
 Far diff'rent shines the martyr's heav'nly pride
 Who liv'd in virtue, and in virtue dy'd ;
 Far different shines in life's despondent day
 The * Queen whose ruin was a father's sway.
 Cælestial fair ! in native splendor great
 She spurn'd the tinsel of a regal state ;
 And round in blazing pageantry display'd
 Pants for the quiet of the rural shade.
 Yes, when the † tyrant gave the fatal blow,
 No curses blasted her exalted foe ;
 Not her's revenge, which loads ungen'rous tongues,
 Not her's a sigh but for her country's wrongs.

Is't not enough that gnawing conscience spreads
 Her whips and scorpions o'er the vicious heads ;

* Lady Jane Grey.

† Mary.

Can deeper pangs await the slave of sin,
Where guilt's oppression fills the mind within?
Guilt, conscious guilt, with never-ceasing fright
Fills the sad day, and loads the sleepless night;
Bids ev'ry crime with double fury glare,
And racks the soul with horror and despair.

Of old with giddy breast a youthful lord
Gave to his steward's trust a secret hoard;
With hiring charms the high-pil'd treasure shone,
Horatio sigh'd, and wish'd it for his own;
Yet ling'ring doubted, ere he snatch'd the prize,
And first to heav'n extends his wishful eyes.
" While dreary evils load my abject state,
" Siege my sad hours, and crowd my humble gate,
" Forgive me, heav'n, if poverty survey
" With many a longing look the splendid prey.
" Yet shou'd I take (unless thy pow'r defend,
" I dare not harm my master, and my friend)
" Is justice mine?" at this with dread alarm
The thunder's roar draws back th' uplifted arm;
The fudden shock his conscious bosom fires,
The chest he quits, and checks his fond desires.

Would others thus with virtue's precepts fraught
Pause, ere to deeds they swell th' ungen'rous thought,
Would others thus, whose bosoms' wayward will
Warps from fair truth, and feeds a wish of ill,

Ponder the crime, what agonizing darts
Would turn their fury, and escape their hearts!

The ceaseless sorrows of the guilty soul
No rest can sooth, no pleasure can control;
In vain the board exhales its smoaking stores,
In vain her sweets celestial music pours;
Lost in despair he mourns his abject fate,
Like Wolfey blasted by the frown of state;
Whose lips with fervor show'r'd at Henry's nod
Those pray'rs, he never offer'd to his God.

But for a while shou'd raving anguish cease,
And nature toil to momentary peace;
Insulted virtue stalks before his sight,
And frowning swells the tempest of affright;
But chief my Titus' sacred form appears,
Glares in his eyes, and thunders in his ears;
And snatches from its cell each conscious sin,
That harbor'd sleeps, and loads the soul within.
See how he starts; each more than Zephyr-wind
Speaks the dread fury of th' Almighty mind;
And ere a cloud the blue serene deform,
Scar'd he lies shudd'ring at th' expected storm;
Not all its crimes to guilt appall'd can yield
'Gainst hostile conscience a protective shield.
No more the lightning's flash at random thrown,
Aim'd at no other's crimes, but his alone;

Now

Now the hush'd tempest sooths the torture's pain;
The Zephyrs whisper, and he raves again;
Tho' vengeance sleep, when crimes its rage provoke,
'Tis but to add fresh vigor to the stroke.

If dire diseases shake his lab'ring frame,
The gout's swollen anguish, or the fever's flame;
How fierce the pangs! th' Almighty finger glows
In ev'ry limb, and fills th' augmented woes;
With horror sunk the wretch devoted lies,
Nor dares one vow to sooth the angry skies;
In life's last gasp he drags his ling'ring breath,
And groans for refuge from the arm of death:
Say, earth, what evils o'er thy kingdoms reign,
Sharp as the dying sinner's galling pain?

Who treads the flow'ry bow'rs, the verdant mead,
To realms of vice whose luring traces lead,
Trips smoothly headlong with unguarded mind,
Nor heeds the call of virtue from behind.
With ling'ring steps the pond'ring feet begin,
But soon fly wishful to the smile of sin;
In cloudless skies they see no tempest low'r
Beyond th' horizon of the present hour.

Yet weep no more, with prosp'rous crimes elate
The daring villain but provokes his fate;

Know,

Know, heav'n's Almighty pow'r with pausing thought
 Weighs ev'ry deed, and numbers ev'ry fault;
 Th' uplifted arm will drop the stroke at last,
 And loaded with their crimes the guilty blast.
 See, snatch'd at once to India's distant plains
 Groans the scorch'd wretch in slav'ry's galling chains;
 Or life's thin dregs with slowly-ling'ring doom
 Pine 'midst the horrors of a dungeon's gloom;
 Hence then, my friend, these melancholy cries,
 Feed with his tears, and triumph in his sighs;
 And own, that justice heav'nly wrath inspires,
 Calls down its thunders, and directs its fires.

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THE
FOURTEENTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

TRUE, there are crimes, my friend, whose pois'nous
art
Taints the fair beauties of the virtuous heart ;
Crimes, which distinguish'd in the father run
Thro' one continued line from son to son.
See Clodio tow'ring on Newmarket's plain
Plies the loud lash, and joins the Jockey train ;
While bold behind him, with a rival grace,
His hopeful offspring glories in the race ;
Scours the wide champain with a gen'rous fire,
And bawls out oaths as roughly as the fire.

O

Mark

Mark too Hilario, whose unbounded soul
 With ceaseless transport drains the sparkling bowl ;
 And hanging fondly on a prattling lord,
 Grins constant guest at his luxurious board ;
 Whose menial hands each labor'd dish attend,
 To please the palate of his noble friend.
 Then see the son, nor testify surprize,
 Who scarce has ceas'd the cradle's infant cries ;
 In vain the dictates of the bearded sage
 Point wisdom's precept to his tender age ;
 Still, like the father, a rapacious guest,
 He courts the treasures of the gaudy feast ;
 Still does the board's luxurious smile pursue,
 And snuffs the incense with a longing view.

Can vengeful Richard, whose impetuous will
 The bloody scenes of savage slaughter fill,
 Whose ruthless finger ties the fatal cord,
 And to the wife displays the slaughter'd lord,
 And fondly rev'ling in inhuman joys
 Strips of their infant-lives the kindred boys ;
 Can HE the harmless souls of youth improve
 With the mild thoughts of clemency and love ?
 Who views the subject train with frowns of scorn,
 And thinks for kings alone the world was born ?

Influenc'd alas ! By nature's pow'rful tie
 We view a parent's deeds with longing eye ;

Ev'n

Ev'n glaring faults in virtue's form appear,
 When taught by those whom infants we revere.
 There are, 'tis true, whom nature's hands display,
 Severely model'd from a purer clay,
 Who boldly leap the bounds of kindred birth,
 And tread the paths of reason, and of worth.
 The herd still chain'd to the paternal lore
 Heed but the steps their fathers trod before;
 Fly then from evil with affrighted pace,
 Lest the track'd failure blacken all thy race;
 Too soon we're won by sin's enchanting strain,
 While worth oft beckons to her shrine in vain.
 Yes, lodg'd in ev'ry clime, in ev'ry realm,
 We see some Steuart tw'ring at the helm;
 A virtuous George but rarely decks the throne,
 Indulg'd by Heav'n to Britain's state alone.

Far from the bounds of thy corruptless cell
 Drive ev'ry vice, and ev'ry crime expel;
 No scene of ill to infant eyes appear,
 Or sooth with tickling plume the ravish'd ear:
 Tremble, ye fires, when thoughts impure ye feed,
 And think your offspring views th' ungen'rous deed.
 For should his bosom's future acts demand
 Th' avenging stroke of law's correcting hand,
 From THEE alone th' inglorious actions glare,
 Thy want of virtue, or thy want of care.

Know 'tis thy task, by heav'nly pow'r assign'd,
To form at once his body and his mind ;
From **THEE** the swelling buds of ill require
Persuasion's softness, or the voice of ire.

But whence the free-born licence to control
The crimes and errors of the youthful soul ?
Whence the wise precepts' angry sounds impart,
When blacker actions blot thy vicious heart ?
Retire ; nor more the healthful med'cines yield
To others' madness till thyself art heal'd.

Yet see, when friendship's journeying footsteps wait,
With smile invited at thy well-known gate,
See ! on each side thy summon'd vassals fly ;
Display the sideboard forth, with rage you cry ;
Quick cleanse the plate, and ope the drawing-room ;
Hence to your business, for my lord is come :
Whence yon black cobweb, whence this spotted floor ?
—Let all be neatness, or you're mine no more.

And does Licinius thus with anxious fears
Storm in confusion when a friend appears ?
What shudder to be seen, but richly dress'd
In a poor finery's encumb'ring vest ?
Display thy blooming son in gay attire,
With glitt'ring outside, worthy of his fire ?

Nor

Nor heed the wrinkles and the spots of sin,
Which spread contagion on the soul within ?

Go, bid the youth in gen'rous virtue shine,
Thy country thanks thee, and applause is thine;
Bid him the pondrous arms of glory wield,
And rush for truth and Britain to the field ;
When honor calls, the jarring sounds to cease,
And to the world restore the sweets of peace :
Thus bid him act ; when virtue meets his eyes,
Her charms the stripling dares not to despise.

See how the parent-storks with rapid wing
Launch o'er the field, and on the serpent spring ;
Or bear in transport to their wishful train
The lizard chirping on the verdant plain !
But fiercer far the vulture's rav'nous breast,
To still the clamors of her craving nest ;
With headlong rage she rushes from on high,
Where the huge oxens' filthy relics lie ;
Or where the gallows' loaded arms are spread
With the base corpses of th' ignoble dead ;
Then hastes away, and feasts her savage brood,
Who mangling riot in the barb'rous food.

The free-born eagle thro' the realms of air
With darting fury souses on the hare,

O'ertakes the swifter kidling's rapid feet,
And snatches from the plain the gen'rous treat ;
The tender eaglet, arm'd with strengthen'd force,
Now tow'rs embolden'd his aspiring course,
Flies forth provok'd by hunger's keen desire,
And snaps the victim with the parent's fire.

Sir Visto, seiz'd with building's fatal rage,
In splendid structures feeds his riper age ;
To Dorset's plains his eager wishes fly ;
In stately pride he rears the dome on high.
The columns tow'r magnificently great,
But scarce o'erlook an acre of estate :
And oh ! the taste life's precious hours to drown,
Wrap'd in the country—what ! forsake the town ?
Thus sings the demon lux'ry in his ear,
He seeks the glories of the spacious square ;
There the rich structure swells on ev'ry side,
Huge as unwieldy Blenheim's dazzling pride ;
There the proud lordling o'er the wealthy race
He struts and spurns each mortal—like his grace.

Tho' rapt'rous joy for some short moments reign'd,
The streaming fountain must at length be drain'd ;
Thus Visto sinks by poverty depress'd,
His works a laughter, and himself a jest.
Should frenzy fire his offspring to pursue
Th' exalted grandeur that Sir Visto knew,

How

How would the vice congenial tow'ring rise,
And with example's influ'nce strike the eyes !

Th' uncomely Jew, whose superstitious law
Keeps ev'ry Sabbath with religious awe,
Studious to cloke of wealth th' ungen'rous care,
Who tires the synagogue with fervent pray'r,
Nor dares to shed the swine's much-honor'd flood,
But sucks in greedy vengeance human blood ;
The Roman, center'd in himself alone,
Each sect with curses spurning but his own,
Stiffly pronouncing all repentance vain,
Till holy water sanctify the brain,
Who counting beads on beads demurely stands,
And hugs his gods of clay with frantic hands,
Each has his faults ; his glaring errors shine
From sire to son in one continued line.

'Tis true, tho' other sins they thoughtless prize,
Yet av'rice knows no charms in youthful eyes ;
Not like the fire they hug the splendid prey ;
Give but the treasure, and it flies away.
In vain the fathers point the folly drest
In meek frugality's severer vest ;
In vain the sober precept they impart,
So loathing to a gay aspiring heart.

" Is't then a crime the treasure to defend
 " Which snatches in its flight each worldly friend ;
 " Or guard with fonder arms from hostile hate
 " Than Gallia's sons the tyrant of their state ?
 " Besides—the world with eager tongue proclaim
 " The rich man's glories to the height of fame ;
 " The toils of virtuous industry display,
 " Amassing careful for the future day.
 " Survey the wealthy, how his soul employs
 " Life's blissful moments in serenest joys !
 " No galling cares, which with the poor man dwell,
 " And blot the quiet of the straw-roof'd cell."

On then, bold youth ; the bright example view,
 With rival step the heav'nly track pursue ;
 Wealth, wealth alone will man's applauses draw,
 And keep the slanders of the world in awe.
 The soul first conscious of the crime within
 Just steps and pilfers in the mire of sin ;
 But soon impatient flacks th' unguided rein,
 And stretches headlong on the field of gain.
 Behold thin morsels scatter'd o'er his board,
 While pale and meagre frowns the wealthy lord ;
 Behold the vassals like Avaro fed
 With scarce a scanty scrap of moulder'd bread,
 Bear at his nod the poor remains away,
 The precious substance of a future day ;

To

To such the mendicant with famine worn
 Would grudge acceptance, and with horror scorn.
 If by board-wages nourish'd (happier lot !)
 With poring eye he pries into the pot ;
 Seeks from the servants' fare to be supply'd,
 Nor dares a dinner for himself provide.

But whence this anxious toil, these ceaseless sighs,
 To rake in useless hoards the glitt'ring prize ?
 Know, ye vain wretches of rapacious soul,
 Still rises av'rice as the treasures roll ;
 Life's humbler course in streams of rapture flows,
 It seeks no treasure, and no sorrow knows.

Come then, with tow'ring soul triumphant fly,
 Court the rich transports of the rural sky ;
 From scene to scene with busy ardor roam,
 Where verdant acres crown th' exalted dome.
 Yet hold ; at once th' aspiring wishes end—
 Go, view the villa of thy neighbor-friend ;
 Where plenteous timber loads the forest round,
 And yellow treasures deck the smiling ground.
 Yes—sell he must, to clear the luckless nights
 Which drain'd his substance at the den of Whites ;
 Go, bless the luring charms of cards and dice,
 'Tis yours, Avaro, if you name your price.
 Play, pow'rful fiend, eluded by thy charms
 How the gull'd soul flies fondly to thy arms !

Too

Too soon, alas ! to curse the fatal hour,
When first she fell the victim of thy pow'r.

Be mine far rather, swells th' insatiate note,
To pile my treasures in a threadbare coat,
Than hear the poor with fervent voice proclaim
My num'rous virtues, and unspotted fame ;
If still unblest'd by Heav'n's Almighty hands
With the rich plenty of uncounted lands.

Fond fool, will gold the body's pangs divert,
Or light up transport in the broken heart ?
Will gold extend life's quick-departing breath,
Or stop the fury of the arm of death ?
The tomb HE opes, alas ! for wealth and birth,
With iron soul, as for the dregs of earth.

When the great martyr rul'd Britannia's helm,
And bold rebellion shook the bleeding realm,
Insulting Cromwell led the fatal way,
And gave the portion'd land the soldiers' prey.
The sorrowing master meets disdainful smiles ;
While, with the harvest of another's toils,
Stalk the flush'd fiends, who made a nation groan,
And rear'd a low-born vagrant to the throne.
From side to side the liv'ry'd minions fly,
Fix'd on the wishes of the master's eye ;

Invited nobles crowd the founding door,
 But to the peasants' footsteps known before;
 The little infants, and the harmless wife,
 Gaze up, and wonder at their change of life.

O gold accurs'd ! what blackest crimes we see,
 Ambition's darling, from the love of thee ?
 By thee with impious rage the kindred soul
 Displays at once the dagger and the bowl.
 Fix'd to their object, restiff of the chain,
 With wild impatience rush the sons of gain ;
 Steel'd to the blush of shame, pursue their flight,
 And look defiance to the frown of right.

Be yours, my sons, the royalists exclaim,
 To tread in innocence the vale of fame ;
 Yours the pure raptures of the lowly cot,
 Unknown to treason, of the world forgot.
 Take they the fields ;—disdain th' unmanly groan,
 And plough content those acres, late your own.
 Misfortune's frowns whose steady bosoms prove,
 Ne'er miss th' applauding smiles of Heav'n above ;
 The cot's calm joys unmix'd with tempests flow,
 While grandeur leads but to the realms of woe.

'Twas thus the father pointed virtue's choice ;
 But now how vary'd sounds th' instructive voice !

When

When winter's icy finger loads the skies,
 At break of day rapacious Macer flies :
 Up, up, thou sluggard, sleep's dull fetters break,
 And in the gloom of law impatient rake ;
 Sweet profit calls, pursue th' inviting care,
 In knowledge rise an Hardwick at the bar.
 Hail, Britons, hail, whose dauntless arms are hurl'd,
 And fill each subject-quarter of the world !
 I see your conquests curb with awful rein
 The frauds of France, and insolence of Spain ;
 You snatch the lifted standards from their hand,
 And Britain's banners float on ev'ry land ;
 Proceed, ye heroes, with unbounded rage,
 And your wide triumphs be your food—in age.

Do you, my Titus, tread a safer plain,
 Thro' law's dark allies thrid the paths of gain ;
 Be yours to varnish o'er the cause of wrong,
 Eluding justice with a supple tongue ;
 To wealth alone to ope the yielding door,
 Deaf to th' oppressions of the fee-less poor ;
 The orphan's stores with grudging eye survey,
 And half the treasure ravish for thy prey ;
 With victor-scorn the threats of toil behold,—
 So sweet, so lovely are the charms of gold !
 Still let experience, life's best guide, impart
 This golden precept stamp'd upon thy heart ;

“ None

"None asks what spring supplies the glitt'ring mine,
 "'Tis needless whence it rose when wealth is thine."
 Thus in life's earlier morn is childhood taught,
 And suckles with its milk the prudent thought.

Yet hear, rapacious soul, the sov'reign rule,
 Drawn from the sacred truths of wisdom's school ;
 Whence this impatient rage of fond desire ?
 Too soon the son will emulate his sire ;
 Toil with redoubled zeal for sordid pelf,
 Richer alike, and baser than thyself.
 Tho' native goodness rule the YOUTHFUL will,
 While thinly scatter'd rise the seeds of ill,
 Yet the roots fasten'd into strength control
 The deep recesses of the RIPER soul.

Survey him, steel'd to shame his harden'd face,
 Show'r forth the perjur'd lie with manly grace ;
 With hand undaunted on the sacred book,
 Center'd he stands in innocence's look.
 Should Heav'n's indulgence give the beauteous wife,
 That beauty's hateful bloom devotes her life ;
 Black av'rice leering eyes the plenteous dow'r,
 And hastes the poison for the nuptial hour ;
 With rapid stride still panting for the gain
 The earth she ransacks, and she rakes the main.

Fondly

Fondly the son beholds the wand'ring fire,
 His influence steels him, and examples fire ;
 When first Avaro seeks the splendid prey,
 His child he beckons to the slipp'ry way ;
 Whose headlong course pursues the giddy plan,
 The track once beat, restrain him if you can.

First soft indulgence feeds th' ungen'rous thought,
 At length to bolder action swells the fault ;
 Upbraid the heart, whose bounty dares defend
 From pining indigence the virtuous friend,
 Strait av'rice stains thy son, with patient eyes
 He'll view affliction, and disdain its cries.
 Fix'd on this god his sanguin wish will tow'r
 Like Galba basking in the glare of pow'r,
 Whose native art allures preferment's smile
 To gild the barren corner of an isle ;
 Hackney'd in menial toil, yet stung by pride,
 Where selfish upstarts are to Heav'n ally'd ;
 Who slaves of fraud, and to rebellion prone,
 Deem all barbarians but themselves alone.

Yet know, this ruthless lion after pelf
 Will tear alike thy neighbor and thyself ;
 Then with in vain to check the tow'ring fire,
 Whose fury springs from madness of the fire.
 Ask but thy heart, can greedy av'rice stay
 Till ling'ring nature close thy aged day ?

The

The filial hand will haste the parting groan,
 And curse the breath which keeps him from his own.
 E'er swell the violet's sweets, the roses bloom,
 'Tis well, if such a father escapes the tomb,
 With some kind antidote's protective art,
 Ye tyrants, and ye misers, steel your heart.

Yet will my friend, while blest'd with leisure, range,
 And view that raree-show of wealth the Change ?
 From side to side where gape the harpy-rout,
 To purchase stocks with money, or without ;
 No matter which, for 'tis of late the same,
 And dullest citizens can play the game ;
 Can, by low arts an useless hoard t' encrease,
 Curse us with war, or comfort us with peace ;
 Can sometimes, so complete the juggler's pow'r,
 Make themselves rich and poor in half-an-hour :
 Such turns in ev'ry station we behold !
 So topsy-turvy run the schemes of gold !

Can man, vain wretch, survey with smiling view
 The little infant childish cares pursue,
 Disdainful innocence's sport behold ;
 While fetter'd in the baseless toils of gold,
 He mounts the giddy ship with headstrong mind,
 Insulted victim of the seas and wind ?
 No dangers threat the child's unthinking play,
 Urg'd by no curs'd desires their bosoms stray ;

We view the follies of their souls within,
How else unlike thee, for they know no sin ?

See the fill'd haven smiles ; the freighted ship,
And breathing zephyrs beckon to the deep ;
Like daring Raleigh tempt the luring main,
Where India's riches swell the pride of Spain ;
Or with bold Clive's undaunted bosom show'r
Thy terrors 'gainst the throne of hostile pow'r.
For gold alone ye hear the tempests fly,
For gold alone ye seek the distant sky ;
From scenes of bliss, of ease, of plenty roam,
To hug, not honor, but your wealth at home.

“ Yet, Censor, whence this daring rage at ME ?
“ What other mortals breathe from madness free ?
“ The soul of grandeur on the chair of state
“ Shakes at each chilling blast of adverse fate,
“ Nor dares one upstart son of wealth offend,
“ But fears to make a foe of ev'ry friend.
“ There are, who frantic in a faithless dream
“ Tread the dark veil and solitary stream ;
“ Pale with affright they rush in conscious dread,
“ And tremble lest a wife or son be dead.”

Eternal horrors shake the miser's breast,
No soothing slumbers fan his soul to rest ;

His

His thoughts long vigils fix'd on profit keep,
 Tho' death frown o'er him thro' the stormy deep.
 But see ! the tempest low'rs, the lightnings fly,
 A weight of clouds o'er spreads the loaded sky ;
 Away, cries av'rice, hence unmanly fears,
 What shudder, dastards, when a cloud appears !
 Loose to the main, alas ! this gloomy hour
 Is but the signal of a vernal show'r.
 When lo ! resounding at the dead of night
 Their shudd'ring souls the roaring thunders fright ;
 The hoarded treasure hurry'd by the wave
 Sinks in the horrors of a watry grave.
 Behold him shiv'ring on the shore display'd,
 In black affliction's tatter'd garb array'd ;
 There fix'd with sighs the letter'd picture shew,
 Which paints to charity the tale of woe.—
 Fond fool ! in vain pursuits to waste the breath,
 Which gain'd are mis'ry, and when lost are death.

Half-willing Hopkins' smiles his friend invite
 To pass in social chat the tedious night ;
 Rais'd by the narrow stairs enlighten'd round,
 Wrap'd in a garret's gloom the wretch he found ;
 One chair, one table were his scanty store,
 His coat all colors, and his bed the floor ;
 One dirty rush-light wink'd its half-clos'd eye,
 Which wadded soon can scarce dim light supply :

Sad Hopkins' looks the fading lustre mark,
 " Friend, 'tis as well, converse we in the dark."

Just pause o'er Henry on the bed of death,
 What pangs of conscience gnaw his parting breath !
 How with a sigh the prostrate king surveys
 The bold oppressions of his prosp'rous days !
 While Empson's deeds in doubled horrors rise,
 And savage Dudley frowns before his eyes ;
 (Who scorn'd like Galba to RESIGN command,
 To stab securely by another's hand)
 Sick of the throne he loaths th' exalted state,
 Which rules o'er empires with a People's Hate.

Prudence, thy smiles we spurn, and (frantic pride !)
 We take the phantom fortune for our guide :
 Who finds the stream with raging thirst oppress'd,
 Whose home-spread board regales his hungry breast,
 Whose plain-spun vestment shields his tender frame
 From chilling winter, and the summer's flame,
 Whose garden sheds its variegated smile,
 To fill the lagging hours with honest toil,
 Whose well-thatch'd cot affords a safe retreat,
 Humbly adorn'd, inelegantly neat,
 On HIM kind Heav'n has show'r'd its richest store ;
 Consult fair wisdom, she will ask no more.

Perhaps

Perhaps the strain in reason's narrow bounds
 Coops the free spirit from ambition's founts ;
 On then, Licinius, with impatient wing
 To grandeur's tow'ring seat triumphant spring ;
 Hark ! glory calls thee, vault into the car,
 Pluck from the throne the ribbon and the star.
 If yet repeated tides of treasure roll,
 Nor fill the wishes of thy craving soul,
 Licinius restless as the queen will tow'r,
 Who ting'd with vanities the blaze of pow'r ;
 Whose vengeance bad severest storms await
 Th' unhappy idol of her heart and state ;
 Bad him ev'n honor's sacred laws offend,
 Revoke his mandate, and disclaim his Friend.

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THE
FIFTEENTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

FIRST-born of reason, blest'd religion, hail!
Stamp'd on the soul whose sacred charms prevail;
To ALL the knowledge of a God is given,
Tho' in fantastic forms man worship Heaven.

The darken'd Arabs, who from folly draw
The rambling precepts of their prophet's law,
Tho' fix'd by Mahomet's enslaving nod,
Still, still are conscious of a ruling God;
Who gave his much-lov'd priest celestial birth,
To scatter peace and knowledge o'er the earth.
There are, who rev'ling in a holy treat,
Fondly adore the very god they eat;

There are, whose souls in brutal worship stray,
 And hurl their infants to the godhead's prey;
 Mistaken fiends, who from their maker's breast
 The richest virtue of a ruler wrest;
 Who think, disdainful of creation's good,
 Kind Heav'n can riot in its childrens' blood.

Yet hold, fond slaves, let reason's smiles assuage
 The guilty transports of devotion's rage;
 (That rage which never with her charms can suit,
 But sinks proud manhood to the grov'ling brute)
 Lest Heav'n insulted rise in frowning ire,
 And o'er your kingdoms pour vindictive fire;
 Lest wasteful pests your fruitful verdure spoil,
 Or deluge drown ye from encircling Nile.

But sooner far a foe to shameless art,
 Will Gallia prove strict honesty at heart;
 Sooner resign without a parting groan
 The realms which conquest claims for England's own;
 Nor view our Indian states with jealous eye,
 Fix'd by a scribbled treaty's paper tie.

Ah! rather, England, from experience know
 Tho' link'd in friendship France is still a foe;
 Remember, Dunkirk's forfeit pride ye mourn,
 Honor their laughter, and their oaths their scorn;
 Remember Dunkirk, nor unheedful yield
 To smooth-tongu'd fraud the triumphs of the field.

Survey

Survey the world from nature's earliest prime,
 From Eve's transgression to the present time ;
 'Midst all the glaring sins which stain mankind,
 Few a whole state's united fault we find ;
 In most, tho' censur'd in a people's name,
 A king, or fav'rite minister's to blame.
 Ev'n now there glows in this revolving age
 An animated monarch's guilty rage,
 'Gainst thee, Religion, aims its threat'ning fall,
 Urg'd by ambition's unrelenting call:
 When the loud din of death-resounding arms
 O'erspread the plains of Austria with alarms,
 Sighing she sued in mis'ry's softest strains,
 The British sword to save her sinking plains ;
 Britannia heard ; the raging tumults cease,
 And jarring nations drop to willing peace.
 But glutted now with union's gentler sounds
 She bursts the barriers, and o'erleaps the mounds ;
 Ev'n wakes her late preserver's injur'd head,
 To arm against the kingdom once she fled.

What tho' a savage king's inhuman reign
 Spreads desolation o'er the Turkish plain ;
 Yet fiercer far the bloody thoughts which fill
 The ranc'rous ardor of the Jesuits' will.
 Fir'd by their brutal lords' impatient might,
 Tho' realms involv'd in ign'rance and in night,

The slavish herd th' unchristian doctrines roar,
And to the murd'rer smooth the fool before.

Should some be deaf, whose animated clay
Springs with the glow of reason's purer ray,
The festal dance the holy knaves prepare,
To lull their bosoms from severer care ; -
Soft music's voice, the ointment's rich perfume,
The fragrant chaplet's variegated bloom,
Spread their lov'd sweets ; while rev'ling in delight
The day they riot, and they dance the night.

But now (inhuman shame !) the trumpet's breath
Wakes into life each instrument of death ;
Urg'd by the frenzy of religion's force
The thirsty ponyard drives its ruthless course ;
The sons of pride, nor sex, nor weaker age
From scenes of blood can soften or assuage ;
The rev'rend senior, and the faithful dame,
And stripling, perish in th' unpitying flame.
Some, whose more hapless fate with dregs of life
To scape the fury of th' ungen'rous strife,
With half-shap'd members wander from their home,
And point the crimes of unrelenting Rome.

Yet these are errors grac'd with mercy's smile,
To such whose rage would desolate an isle ;
To

To such, proud wretches, whose impatient pow'r
 Would thin, like pests, a nation in an hour :
 If one, they cry, the paths of safety find,
 The half of dear revenge is still behind.
 Fruitless resistance, vain the wheedling arts,
 Where cunning prompts, and vengeance steels their hearts;
 Arm'd with these bulwarks ev'n their striplings laugh
 At the weak pow'rs of a Goliath's staff.

View now the vassals of their savage rule,
 And drop the villain to survey the fool ;
 Knav'ry's fond dupes, selected from the train,
 Roam in religion's cause to India's plain;
 There rear the mimic crucifix on high,
 GEWGAW scarce known beneath a distant sky;
 Display the polish'd idol's iv'ry show,
 And wonder Savages disdain to bow.
 Yet still disdain they dare, and warm'd to ire
 Fly 'gainst the priest with animated fire ;
 Tear the scorn'd folly from his trembling hand,
 And stretch the WILLING Martyr on the sand.

Now sink the crafts of Rome, the rigid face,
 And all the barb'rous Jesuits' stern grimace,
 Low'r to the view, while crouds with laughing breast
 Gaze on enraptur'd, and provoke the jest.

Yet,

Yet, yet exult, 'tis well th' unpolish'd soul
 Some sparks of heav'n-born charity control ;
 'Tis well sufficient such revenge they find,
 (Softness ne'er center'd in a Jesuit's mind)
 Like you, they know not others' breasts to shake
 With horror's engines, with the wheel and stake ;
 With pond'rous weights to stretch the tortur'd limb,
 Pour in the open'd heart the boiling stream ;
 Like you to fix the flame's relentless heat,
 And tear the entrails from their vital seat.
 Let them rage on ; ev'n rev'ling in their blood
 Let them in transport quaff the purple flood ;
 Scalp the warm brain, hang o'er each ecchoing groan—
 Then say their rage is pity to your own.

To damp the Protestant's aspiring arms,
 When haughty Gallia spreads the dire alarms,
 She thrids each thrilling nerve of pain and smart,
 A passage forcing to th' unyielding heart ;
 Detested bigot, whose rapacious soul
 No tears can sooth, no innocence control.
 The tender mother at th' inhuman fire
 Sees one by one her little brood expire ;
 In vain they shudd'ring clasp the parent's knee,
 In vain they shriek religion's brands to see ;
 A long farewell she takes with heaving sighs,
 And " Now be piteous once—slay me," she cries ;

! Yes

“ Yes, flay a childless, hopeless wretch, and know
 “ At once ye rid me of the world and woe.”
 Look down, auspicious Heav’n, with tender eye,
 Nor spurn thy injur’d people’s eager cry;
 Attend their vows, attend their dying groan,
 And claim the Christian suff’rer for thine own.

Far better truths thy sacred influence draws
 To guide the bosom to religion’s laws;
 These high in glory’s richest splendors reign,
 And beam o’er distant India’s savage plain;
 These string with ten-fold rage the Prussian arm,
 And on the foes of virtue spread th’ alarm;
 Enflam’d by England’s gen’rous aid they fly,
 Nor in the cause of virtue fear to die;
 One warrior-soul embattled hosts defies,
 Tho’ a whole Continent against him rise.

Hail, conqu’ring Fred’ric, whose immortal praise
 The sons of verse and sons of justice raise!
 Whose pious arms repeated conquests bless,
 Great ev’n in ill, and glorious from distress.
 What tho’ th’ unwieldy Russian’s boasting hand
 With savage venom menaces thy land,
 Russia, whose troops in weak attempts advance,
 The dupes of Austria, and the sport of France;
 What tho’ in vengeance of a bigot cause
 They spurn humanity’s serener laws;

With

With thirst of slaughter vainly they pursue
The souls who dare pay homage, where 'tis due;
Vainly they thunder in embattled ire,
The sov'reign's nod forbids the guilty fire;
The sov'reign to the state's disgrace who bleeds,
While bent to polish brutes to glory's deeds.

Ask of the Indian, who at hostile hearts
Sharpens the knife, and hurls the pointed darts,
Ask why with ruthless breast he aims the blow;
It is not at the Christian, but the foe.
A flow'ry Paradise he seeks above,
The long'd for realms of laughter and of love;
For light canoes he spurns the warring ship,
And leaves the polish'd world the labors of the deep.
Blush, blush, ye civiliz'd, and learn to prize
Th' inferior crimes of 'wretches ye despise;
No more astonish'd at th' inglorious might,
Which springs alone from ign'rance of the right.

Hail, meek-ey'd charity, thou fairest test
Of god-like greatness in the human breast!
When friendship mourns, thy tender footsteps fly
To still her sorrows, and allay her sigh.
When orphans groan beneath th' ungen'rous art,
And the mean harshness of a guardian's heart,
The blooming youths, whose long-dishevel'd hair
Flows the soft rival of the lovely fair,

Pitying

Pitying thou still'st meek innocence's moan,
As if an insult to thyself alone.

Can Nature view, nor drop the friendly tear,
The virgin clos'd in her untimely bier ?
Survey the little infant's hapless doom,
Scarce known to life, and hurry'd to the tomb ?
No, Heav'n-born charity, thy blest control
Will thaw the frost that binds the stubborn soul ;
Light in the darken'd breast religion's flame,
And teach him whence he takes the Christian's name.
Shall Heav'n-born man, on whose exalted breast
Her living signet reason has impress'd,
Shall Man in error's mazy labyrinth range,
Slave of caprice, of vanity, and change ?
Full o'er creation's bounds with seraph-wing,
Thou, tow'ring soul, with native ardor spring ;
Speed thy bold flight to virtue's arduous road,
Spurn the low brute, and mount into the God.

To feel the glow of friendship, and to grant
Indulgent succor to another's want,
To give content from discontent to spring,
O'er scatter'd states to fix a virtuous king,
To hand by gen'rous deeds to distant fame
The blameless glories of a grandfire's name,
To view the world with mercy's softer eye
Link'd in society's eternal tie,

For

For THIS rose man in Heav'n-descended birth,
 To fill with lordly line the subject-earth.
 But now how vary'd ! in disorder hurl'd
 What jarring horrors shake the frightened world !
 The scene of woe let candid reason scan,
 She'll cry, that man's the veriest curse of man.

Come forth, aspiring soul, to wisdom's school,
 Fav'rite of reason, and yet folly's fool ;
 Come forth, and dumb irrationals shall teach,
 Low brutes instruct thee, and the reptil preach.
 Ask of the lion, has his lordly rage
 The date e'er shorten'd of a lion's age ?
 —From the same stock he feels each brother springs
 To form one mighty family of kings.
 Yet lower sink ; did ever worm expire
 Crush'd by a fellow reptil's famish'd ire ?
 The worm, which thrives from kindred vengeance free,
 The worm, which fattens from the spoil of thee.

While man, invidious of another's breath,
 Sharpens each iron instrument of death ;
 'Tis not enough for labor's honest use
 The toiling rake and plough-share to produce ;
 To mould the sword their restless hands engage,
 And crown with sin's worst deed a shameless rage.

But what are these ? behold by kindred ire
 The brother, father, and the son expire ;
 Their groans they hail, they triumph in their smart,
 And with a glut of vengeance cloy the heart.
 But say, ye Christian souls, whose gen'rous thought
 Beams with the precepts which your savior taught,
 Can YE behold the daring frowns of sin,
 Nor feel humanity enrag'd within ?
 Ye, whom a heav'nly master taught to shew
 To pride compassion, mildness to a foe ?

THE

But what are these? behold by kindred in
The brother, father, and the son expire;
Their groans they hail, they triumph in their fate,
And with a sign of vengeance cry the name.
But say, ye Christian souls, whose gen'rous thought
Beams with the precepts which your Master taught,
Can ye behold the daring frowns of sin,
Nor feel indignantly averted within,
Ye, whom a heavenly mother taught to know
To have compassion, subjects to a foe?

THE

THE
SIXTEENTH SATIRE
IMITATED*.

FIVE pounds *per* man ! the blessings, friend, how
great
Which gen'rous ardor show'rs on Britain's state !
Ye sons of war, inspir'd by false alarms
No more we shudder at the din of arms ;
Sure of success ye tread th' embattled strand,
When wealth's rich bounties brace the warrior's hand.

* The following imitation turns upon the late lord lieutenant of Middlesex's having declined to adhere to the measures prescribed by an act of parliament for the promotion of that salutary establishment the militia, and encouraging a subscription for raising soldiers by ONE of his own ; on which occasion a splendid meeting was held at the St. Albans tavern, Pall Mall, as several were afterwards at the celebrated captain Lamb's auction-room for the militia itself.

Q

From

From you, ye lib'ral, heav'nly transports spring,
 A noble's self applauds you to the king ;
 Ye bid the triumphs of the long-mourn'd field
 To ocean's conqu'ring pride no longer yield.

Let other eyes with fascinated view
 The poor militia's useless charms pursue ;
 We know far better shields—the herd disdain,
 Back to their homes expel the abject train ;
 Alas ! refus'd to war's tremendous shew,
 Their souls will never dare to face a foe ;
 Their country's call but whistles to the air,
 Unknown the chaplain's, and the surgeon's care.
 Ev'n from their breasts the clownish rust to shake,
 The warrior's lesson from yourselves they take ;
 Loud-stamp in hob-nail'd shoes with mimic might,
 And summon'd to the left-hand seek the right.

Lo ! while the regulars' bright standards fly
 Round well-form'd troops beneath Germania's sky,
 Ne'er from their kingdom's bounds these heroes roam,
 At best but for a trifle doom'd from home ;
 Well, well ye know them, with superior smile
 Ye eye their marches, and deride their toil.
 Dare they th' affront return ?—their rage ye drown
 With one grim look, and blast them at a frown ;
 While thro' each rank the scoffing taunts ye show'r,
 And pity England arm'd with such a pow'r.

Rail on, protectors, in a careless ease,
 Th' insulting strain resent they as they please;
 Apply they to the law? ye still are free;
 Poor fools! no council pleads without a fee:
 Not honest Verres would for such declaim,
 Meek Verres of disinterested fame.

Go, with whole bones contentedly retire,
 Nor rouse a regular's experienc'd fire;
 The wretched prisons they have fill'd defend,
 They—brave in arms, and heroes to the end—
 Few free-born vot'ries a militia proves,
 No army but his own a statesman loves.

Dry, dry your tears, lest to the serjeant sent
 You're whip'd, vile miscreant, thro' the regiment;
 A wretch who dares complain; the soldiers cry;
 Go now once more, and falter out a lie.
 No scruples croud a camp; ev'n boldly shew
 The wound they gave you, they disclaim the blow.
 Amid the motley tribe the same thy lot,
 Th' intrepid Irishman, or hungry Scot;
 Not ev'n the sanguin Welch a friend will shield
 Against their mighty brethren of the field.

Should rapine's sons lay waste my fertil grounds,
 Or move my landmark from its ancient bounds,

Whose stone has fix'd with stamp serene and clear
 Th' undoubted portion of five hundred year ;
 Or should the wretches view with stedfast eyes
 The loan entrusted, and forswear the prize ;
 Tho' the full witness prove the well-known hand,
 Ere law's redress ye seek, with pauses stand.
 Year rolls on year when once the suit's begun,
 Term after term succeeds, and nothing done ;
 Delays in crouds restrain the course of right,
 And knotty quirks elude the gazing sight.
 This to the low'r of wisdom pulls his face,
 This with soft-waving arm debates the case ;
 This pumps out sounds with meditation deep,
 To lull with specious phrase his client's sleep—
 Yet rather, friend, restrain thy raging breast,
 One half the claim resign to save the rest.

Warriors far sooner end the dreadful strife,
 The sword's more honor'd contest ends their life ;
 Hint but th' affront, the ready champion draws,
 Nor seeks the ling'ring peril of the laws.

The stripling hurry'd to his fire's abode
 Quits for the manly sword the infant rod ;
 To him no riches fortune's smiles have blown,
 So on the hero flies to seek his own.
 The scorn'd militia's sons at plenty's board
 The social converse leave to grasp the sword,

Britannia's

Britannia's wants with ardent fire behold,
 Nor seek to speed their steps their country's gold.
 Thee joys serener, Middlesex, await,
 Thy purse bespeaks thee servant of the state;
 Let other faces feel the vulgar scar,
 It is not thine to tremble at a war.

But you, ye squadrons, fan the statesman's flame,
 Go, spread the terrors of your country's fame;
 So may applause your gen'rous labors crown;—
 In three short years adorn'd with just renown
 So may your souls each laurel'd glory see,
 Lords of yourselves, and of the CITY free.
 There swell'd with pride behind the counter stand,
 Retailing nick-nacks with industrious hand;
 There truly great, tho' voteless, you may reign,
 GREAT AS THE BLACKSMITH-DUKE OF AQUITAIN.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page	8,	line 21,	for uwielder read unwieldy.
91,	1,	for se read seek.	
93,	7,	for stain read strain.	
111,	6,	for the arms read his arms.	
116,	4,	for ane read and.	
117,	4,	for the offender's read th' offender's.	
124,	15,	for his read thy.	
131,	13,	for flutt'ers read flutt'ers.	
182,	3,	for blessing read being.	
188,	9,	for hiring read luring.	
208,	20,	for veil read vale.	



